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THE
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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE WARRIOR'S CRADLE. Engraved by J. FRANCK, from the Picture by D. MACLISE, R.A., in the Collection of R. C. MAY, Esq., Clapham Park.
2. A STORMY SUNSET. Engraved by W. CHAPMAN, from the Picture by H. DAWSON, in the Collection of J. ORROCK, Esq., Leicester.
3. CORNELIA. Engraved by G. STODART, from the Group by MATHURIN-MORRAU.

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DEDICATED, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

We find it desirable to state that although the ART-JOURNAL consists of THIRTY ANNUAL VOLUMES, of these Volumes a distinct series has been issued several times during the period that has passed since 1839, when the work was first published. New Subscribers may, therefore, obtain a *Series*, without considering it necessary to procure the whole Work; or, indeed, may begin with the present year, when a new Series may be said to have commenced.

THE ART-JOURNAL continues to be, as it has long been, the only publication in Europe by which the Arts are adequately represented; that result may arise from the great outlay of capital requisite for its production; but it cannot be presumptuous to add, that it is owing also to the continual care and industry it receives from its conductors.

THE ART-JOURNAL is among the earliest of the Periodical Works by which Art was brought to the aid of Literature. It has contained above 800 Engravings on Steel, and upwards of 30,000 Engravings on Wood. A large number of the most competent critics and Art-authorities have communicated knowledge through its pages: every department of Art and Art-manufacture having been, as far as possible, represented.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, APRIL 1, 1869.

THE
HIGHLANDERS OF SCOTLAND.

Y the gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen, a collection of water-colour drawings, illustrative of the physiognomy, the attire, and the ancient arms, of the Highlanders of Scotland, is now being exhibited. These portraits have been executed by Kenneth Macleay, R.S.A., by the express command of the Queen, for Her Majesty's own collection of pictures. They are in course of reproduction in a series of thirty-one lithographed prints, coloured by hand after the original drawings, and will be published during the present season, in two magnificent demy folio volumes, with appropriate descriptions in letter-press, derived from authentic sources.

The drawings, commencing with admirable portraits of their Royal Highnesses the Prince Consort and the Duke of Edinburgh, in highland costume, include illustrations of thirty-five of the principal Scottish Clans and followings, together with likenesses of some of the retainers of the Royal Household at Balmoral. The individuals portrayed have been selected, rather as typical examples of race and bearing, of costume, or of arms, than for any more strictly personal reasons. But not a few of the subjects are distinguished by unusual manly beauty; and a frank, dignified, martial bearing is characteristic of the entire group. In addition to the ethnological value of the collection, we have to remark on its importance as illustrative of the history of that picturesque and romantic country which formed the cradle of the Royal House of Stuart. The set of the tartan, the form of the ancient weapons of the Clansmen—the Lochaber axe, the claymore, the buckler, the ponderous two-handed sword, the heavily embossed pistol—the heads of the fox and of the badger that grin from the sporran, the

dirk borne on the pouch or in the hose, the badge, or sacred plant of the sept, the slogan or war-cry, and the salient points of the history of each martial following, are all clearly and distinctly brought before the mind in this admirable series.

As to the success with which the lithographer may reproduce the spirited touch of Mr. Macleay's portraits, we shall be in a better position to judge when we have the volume itself before us. At present only a few of the prints are completed, and the originals from which these have been taken are, in several instances, now in Scotland. We must be understood, therefore, as speaking of the original drawings, when we say that lovers of water-colour pictures treated in a genuine water-colour style (and not with the heavy and laborious manner of an oil-painter, using the lighter medium, but dealing with it as he would with the heavier), will be charmed with most of the portraits. The heads and hands are represented with a delicacy approaching that of miniature, without losing a due freedom of style. The dress and arms are carefully and faithfully represented. The question will occasionally suggest itself, whether the figures are drawn with equal accuracy; but it is quite possible that certain broad proportions which appear strange to the eye, are actually those of nature. Had the aid of some artist, whose forte lay as much in the representations of wild and romantic scenery as that of Mr. Macleay does in portraiture, been secured in order to show in the background of the several pictures—somewhat more distinctly than is done by the actual very slight indications—the ancestral fortresses of the respective clans, and the wild and romantic scenery peculiar to the Highland "countries," the series of illustrations would have been rendered, we think, yet more complete.

First in the list we remark the portrait of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, which is the most highly finished of the series; representing as it does the noblest subject of the artist's pencil. In this instance, a rocky background is introduced with happy effect. The dress is a tasteful modification of the Highland costume; the kilt and the sporran, the hose, and the plaid, (of the Royal Stuart tartan), being worn with a black vest and coat, showing the open throat—which has become customary during the last decade—and the broad green ribbon of the Order of the Thistle. The Garter is worn above the hose. The face of the Prince has an expression of tenderness almost amounting to sadness; and the features of the exquisite portrait of H.R.H. in early childhood, which is engraved in the "Life of the Prince Consort," are distinctly traceable in those of this his maturer age. No portrait that we have seen of the lamented Prince bears so touching an impress of the shadow

"Prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favourites"

as this work of Mr. Macleay. The union of the gentle repose of the features, with the manly grace of the figure displayed by the picturesque northern garb, is unique.

The portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh is one that leaves no doubt as to the right of the Prince to wear the tartan of the Royal Stuarts. Taken at an age when the first down gathers on the lip, there is yet a fire in the eye that recalls the pithy inquiry of the Scotchman in "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Do ye ken where the Stuarts came frae?" Even when seen, as in the present instance, beside the martial features of the boldest of

the clansmen, the bearing of the young Prince is not unworthy of his illustrious descent. More it would be hard to say.

Before passing to the remainder of the collection, we must be pardoned for the remark that the work will be irremediably incomplete unless a portrait of the Sovereign, taken at a time as near as possible to that at which the Prince Consort was limned, finds its appropriate place at the head. No mention of this essential desideratum is made in the prospectus; but the omission is one earnestly to be deprecated.

One of the finest of the remaining pictures is that which illustrates the men of Cluny MacPherson. The two types of the Scottish race, the black haired and the red haired—which retain their individual persistence, though constantly appearing side by side,—are represented by Ewan and by Lachlan MacPherson, who are respectively attired in the dress tartan, and the hunting tartan, of their clan. The younger and lighter complexioned man, Lachlan, bears the very banner under which his ancestors fought at Culloden. Ewan, with the glance of an eagle, and a face cut on the pattern of that bold aquiline outline which the features of the Napiers have accustomed us to honour, bears a round buckler, with a Medusa's head in the centre, that has been an heirloom in the clan since it was borne by Prince Charles Edward in the ill-fated expedition of 1745.

Neil Macleod has another of the same class of sharply-cut, heroic faces, bearing a strong likeness to Ewan MacPherson. The group consisting of this gallant Highlander and Murdoch MacNeil, presents the same contrast of complexion and of hair as the former. Another group that will even more readily catch the eye of many observers, is that of Andrew Murray, conspicuous for his full grey beard, and the head of the fox on his sporran, standing beside the seated figure of Duncan Drummond, full of the pith and vigour of manhood, in spite of the evident number of his years.

The figure and face of John Grant, armed with a lochaber-axe, broad sword, and pistols, is highly characteristic. A more peaceful subject is the patriarchal William Duff, with long grey beard, and iron-grey locks curling on his shoulders. The rod in his hand, and the salmon at his feet, tell of his favourite occupation. Two of the men of the Earl of Fife, keeping guard with their axes on a castle wall, seem to have stepped out of mediæval history.

We might name almost every one of the sketches of Mr. Macleay as being illustrative of some national and personal characteristic. The keen, smart figure of Archibald Macdonald, is the same which is represented on the card of admission. Donald MacNab, with his sword under his arm, looks like a border chieftain; and the burly, seated figure of Donald MacNaughten, beside him, might be taken for a Lowlander, or even for a Yorkshireman.

Colin Campbell, in another paired portrait, shows very clearly the family features which are perhaps more marked in the following of the Duke of Argyll than in any other clan, so frequently is it possible to tell a Campbell by his face. His sporran is ornamented with the crest of the bear's head, though it is not quite such a "far cry to Lochow" as was the case in the days of the immortal Dugald Dalgetty, who would have spoken of Colin as "a very pratty man indeed." Kenneth MacSween and Ronald MacAulay, brown-haired men, of a complexion intermediate between the two usual

* The drawings are to be seen at Mitchell's Royal Library, No. 33, Old Bond Street, where subscriptions to the work will be received. The portraits comprise the Royal Stuarts, Argyll men, Athole men, Breadalbane men, Camerons, Chisholms, Colquhouns, Drummonds, Duff men, Farquharsons, Forbeses, Frasers, Gordons, Grahams, Grants, Harris men, Keppoch men, MacDonalds, MacDougalls, MacGregors, McIntoshes, McKays, McKenzies, McLeans, McLeods, MacNeills, MacNaughtens, MacNabs, McPhersons, Menzieses, Munros, Murrays, Robertsons, Stewarts, Sutherland men. Much interest is added to the exhibition by the fact that the subscription-book contains the autographs of several members of the royal family, as well as of foreign princes, and other distinguished subscribers. The edition will, no doubt, be limited, and the list of subscribers soon filled up.



varieties of black and red, bear swords and bucklers, and look as if they knew how to use them. The backgrounds of some of the figures, though slightly sketched, are suggestive, and selection for praise is not an easy task without naming almost all the portraits.

The tale of the Keppoch men is told in the historic notice. Angus MacDonnell, whose portrait is given, is one of the last of that warlike following.

The historic notices of the Highlanders of Scotland will fail in their chief point of interest if they do not include a brief account of that long line of illustrious descent, through which, in distinct but parallel channels, two main streams of royal blood ran down through so many generations of warlike and even of hostile princes, Saxon, Norman, Gaelic, and English—from William of Normandy, from Alfred the Great, and from Cerdic on one side, and from Malcolm Canmore on the other—till they met in the tide which flows in the veins of the Lady of Balmoral. The line of the "Dukes in Saxa" should also be retraced to the date of Charlemagne. It may not be necessary, in the England of to-day, to carry it back from that historic standpoint to its descent from the gods of the Teutons. The ignorance of people who call themselves educated with the descent of the royal house of England is incredibly general and complete. We trust that the publication of a genealogical *précis*, which shall share with the other historic illustrations of the "Highlanders of Scotland" the character of being clear without becoming tedious, and precise without ceasing to be picturesque, will spare us the task of attempting to give, in our own columns, the story of the noblest of them all.

Through that long succession of the Sovereigns who have mounted the ancient thrones of Scotland and of England, occur names that shine through the darkness of a stormy past with peculiar lustre. Egbert, who first welded the dominions of the Heptarchs into the monarchy of England; Alfred, the founder of our territorial divisions, and to whom we owe so much of the wisdom and of the freedom of our ancient institutions; the Founder, the Rebuilder, and the Completer, of the Abbey of Westminster,—the Confessor, the third and the seventh Henry,—the fifth Sovereign of that name, who won the most famous victory that illustrated the arms of England before 1815; the Queen who had "the heart of a king, and of a king of England too," on whose shores the arm of God dashed in fragments the pride of the Invincible Armada;—each of these gloriously illustrated his age, and lives immortal in the pages of the historian. In the stir of the present day, we almost cease to be aware how much, in former times, of the type of the national life formed itself upon the personal character of the Sovereign. It is yet more rarely that we pause to inquire how much this is the case at the present day.

Yet the inquiry is far from unimportant. That period of English history which will be hereafter known as the Victorian Era, has witnessed, not indeed the origination, but the first establishment in England, and the spread from an English initiative over the whole civilised world, of an invention which has changed the relation of man to the globe which he inhabits. The middle portion of the nineteenth century will ever be memorable as the period of an unprecedented revolution in the physical condition of mankind. The separate, but combined, inventions, of propulsion by

steam, and of the use of a rigid iron road, have more than quadrupled the speed of transport by land, at the same time that they have diminished its cost, and increased its facility, in still higher proportion; by sea they have rendered navigation not only rapid but punctual. This increase of the power to pass from place to place is tantamount to a great addition to the length of human life. But our leisure has not increased, it has diminished, in consequence. A constant hurry has replaced the measured ease of the Georgian age. Men have learned that time is convertible into money, and make use of the smallest scraps of time accordingly. They fear to waste a fraction of an hour. Even the manners of the gentler sex are pervaded by an increasing abruptness and hardness. And the opposition which fashion or indolence offers to the increasing domination over society, excited by the spirit of trade and the power of money, is not the strenuous cultivation of individual excellence, but takes the form of a contemptuous apathy.

The influence which, in such a state of society, forms the very salt of domestic life, is precisely that which during the present reign, for the first time in the annals of our country, has been steadily exercised by the Throne. We do not refer to that spotless example of the fulfilment of all the duties of domestic life which teaches even the poorest and humblest English wife and mother to take pattern from the most exalted. We refer to that constant, steady, enlightened direction given to the Art-culture and literature of the day, which has produced such definite and tangible results. The humanising and ennobling influence of a pure and cultivated taste, is the best antidote that can be provided against the deteriorating effects of the constantly increasing struggle of daily life. The iron age in which we dwell requires, more than any preceding era, to be relieved by something that tells of the age of gold. Not only is this the case, but, regarded from the merely material point of view, the productive power of Great Britain is now to an unprecedented extent dependent on the progress of our Art-education. German workmen, French workmen, Belgian workmen, are competing with English workmen in their own markets. It is only the impulse which the wise providence of the Prince Consort gave by means of the Exhibition of 1851, that has enabled us to hold our own so far as we have hitherto done.

The results of this noble application of the influence of an exalted position, are now daily becoming more and more apparent in every walk of life, and in every branch of Art and of manufacture. The debt which Europe at large, and the British dominions in especial, owe to the Prince who first taught nation to educate nation, by the free interchange and comparison of the best productions of their respective skill and taste, can never be duly estimated. In the new and striking architectural features of the rebuilt metropolis,—for London is in course of very rapid rebuilding,—no less than in the displays of our galleries, our warehouses, our shops, and the adornments of our private dwellings, may be seen a monument to that pious memory, more costly and more enduring than even the stately spire which is now rising on the site of the great crystal arch of 1851.

Of the magnitude of that national loss, all observant and thoughtful men are daily becoming more fully aware. Historic instances may recur to the mind when, in

the inscrutable wisdom of Providence, untimely death has snatched away a prince, whose early promise was the very light of the time. Such was the case with Germanicus. Such with the Dauphin Duc de Bourgogne. But the golden promise was yet in the bud, and it was uncertain how the flower might have expanded in the fierce blaze of supreme power. The life of the Prince Consort had attained the rich maturity of hope fulfilled. His influence, imperceptibly, as that of the air we breathe, was daily becoming more prevailing and more beneficent. The frantic din of arms, that yet echoes through Europe, broke out when the voice of his wise council was silenced. The increasing energy of those who now seek to remove from England the stigma of being a non-educating country, is mainly due to his impulse. What he might have done, if his life had been as full of days as it was of love, of duty, and of honour, we can but faintly imagine from the contemplation of what he actually did. To his thoughtful care for his adopted country, we owe that unrivalled collection of artistic treasures which are now accessible to the student at South Kensington. To the same impulse we owe the widespread of Schools of Science and of Art through the country. The continuance of this vital movement after the hand that originated it became cold, is a proof of the truth and the wisdom with which it was initiated. The parallels offered by history to the character of the Prince Consort are rare. The loss of such a counsellor, guide, and father, was not that of the Royal throne alone. It was a calamity, however little realised at the moment of its occurrence, to every hearthside in England,—that England which even in her heart of hearts honours the "*trien und fest*."

Nor has the patronage which the Victorian Reign has afforded to Art and to literature been merely that of a lofty and lavish munificence. It is easy for those in exalted stations to bestow a species of patronage which does little honour either to the giver or to the receiver. In all noble and highly-bred natures there is a strong inherent tendency towards a certain magnificence in giving and in rewarding. It is a royal instinct, and one against the unbounded indulgence of which it is as necessary to guard, as against the excess of any other natural passion. The munificence which founded Versailles was a costly virtue for France. Versailles was built at the national cost, as was the case with all the splendour of the *Grand Monarque*. The beauty and marvel of our Exhibitions has been self-supporting; the nation has not been called on to pay for the essays made for its æsthetic improvement. But when, to the patronage that supreme station, and not inadequate command of wealth, enable a Sovereign to dispense, is added that more subtle and intimate encouragement which is afforded by the devotion of hours to acquiring the mastery of the pen, the pencil, or the burin, the Artist-monarch earns a title to immortality more imperishable, than that which the gratitude of Virgil conferred on Augustus.

We have seen, within the past twelve months, the most fertile writer of the day address the author of the "*History of Julius Cæsar*" as "*compère*." The boldness of the *mot*, or the subtlety of the flattery, suited the epigrammatic taste of Paris; and the request which Alexandre Dumas thus formulated was immediately granted. After all, the letter in question was but the address of the grandson of one private

nobleman to the grandson of another, who had attained, in the course of rapid and violent political change, to the seat of executive power. However inconsistent, therefore, the expression might be with the habitual tone of a certain section of French society, it was in perfect accordance with the theoretic principles which that section can at times loudly profess. But such is not, and may God long avert the day when it will be, consistent with English taste or English breeding. There yet remains among us, in spite of the efforts of all its enemies, enough of that true dignity of character which can discern, and can respect, the proper limits of each several rank and station in society, and can, therefore, render to all their due, "fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour." No artist of our day deserving of the name, whatever may be his branch or department of Art, would think it becoming to address the Daughter of our ancient Kings, in such terms as those applied by the great French novelist to the Ruler of France. Yet in the humblest scene of any toil which is not purely mechanical, a sense of gratitude, of encouragement, and of honest pride, swells within the bosom of the artist at the thought that eminence in his Art is appreciated on the Throne itself. The knowledge that the instruments of the artist and even of the craftsman are not altogether unfamiliar to the education of the Royal family, is a link that binds the broad base of society closer to the apex. In the personal acquaintance of the Sovereign with the nature of many of the difficulties that beset the course of the artist, and with the necessity for that perseverance which, when united to skill, converts every new obstacle into a fresh occasion of triumph, lies the secret of the unprecedented impulse which the reign of Queen Victoria has given to the development of Art itself.

It will hereafter be the verdict of history that the peculiar glory of the present Reign has been the wise and constant direction of the discriminating patronage, and the ennobling example of the Sovereign to supply the chief want of the day, and to counteract the spread of its most threatening evil. That culture, which the "Life of the Prince Consort" has shown us to be so much more advanced, as well as so much less rare, in Germany than in England, has received a stimulus of incalculable importance, no less from the creative efforts, than from the living example, of Her Majesty and Her Royal Consort.

In bringing before the English public the details of that early life which are so profoundly and so tenderly interesting, Her Majesty offered a boon to her subjects, for which those who are parents, and whose chief care regards the worthy education of their own children, have occasion to be the most deeply grateful. By the glimpses which the Queen subsequently afforded at the hours of relaxation of that graceful and simple royal circle, thousands of readers, in every station of life, have been led to entertain a spontaneous and unfeigned sympathy for those virtues, and those sorrows, which are illustrious and sacred, as the common dower of humanity. In the illustration now afforded of the ancient life, habits, and guise, of the warlike race that rocked the oaken cradle of the House of Stuart, we have a fresh instance of that untiring thought for the culture, and the education (in the highest sense of the term), of her subjects, which has already formed so conspicuous a feature of the happy reign of Queen Victoria.

So long as the English language is

spoken, or the books now issuing from our steam-presses can be read, the glory thus earned will be undimmed; for it is founded not on brick or on marble, on bronze or on gold. The arches raised by the proudest conqueror, crumble into dust; the megalithic remains of our ancient Wiltshire capital have lost even the echo of their name. But when, for almost the first time in our history, taste and conscience have spoken in the same tones to the heart of the Monarch, and when the Royal hand has carried out what the heart under such an impulse conceived, the result is written large in the welfare and the gratitude of the people. Nor can it fail to be written in letters, not of ink nor yet of gold, letters not to be traced by human vision, but imperishable as light itself, in the Archives of that Ruler by whom "Kings reign and Princes decree justice."

THE ART-PILGRIM ON THE RHINE.

It was at the end of September, and the tide of tourists had set towards home for some weeks past, when we found ourselves at Remagen on the Rhine. Half a mile out of the town rises a wooded hill, crowned at its summit by a pretty gothic chapel, dedicated to St. Apollonaris: this chapel was the object of our pilgrimage. It stands upon a rocky plateau, and commands a fair far view over distant mountain, winding river, and vineyard-circled village; but the Art-loving sight-seer turns from the panorama—beautiful as it is—to enter the chapel and gaze upon that frescoed interior, which may worthily claim the title of the shrine of Christian Art in modern times.

Remagen itself, however, is not deficient of interest. It lies on the banks of the Rhine, in the heart of a picturesque and legend-haunted region, between Sinzig and the famous Rolandseck. On the opposite bank of the river rises the vine-covered basaltic precipice, called the Erpeler Lei, and farther down loom through the mists the fantastic peaks of the Drachenfels and the purple ranges of the Siebengebirge. The town is now scarcely more than a good-sized village, but it seems to have been a flourishing place in the time of the Romans, mementoes of whose rule still remain in fragments of massive wall, or treasure of ancient coin discovered by vine-dressers at their toil. Historic records of subsequent date are not numerous, but a curious old romanesque gateway, quaintly sculptured, is assigned by archaeologists to the middle of the twelfth century, a period during which Remagen rose into importance as the resort of saints and pilgrims. The latter turn of good fortune happened on this wise:—

On the hill now styled Apollonarisberg had stood from time immemorial a chapel dedicated to St. Martin, for perpetual ministration of divine service; wherein the good folk of Remagen duly provided, by building, early in the twelfth century, an adjacent convent. In 1164, arrived at Remagen, Regnault of Dassel, Archbishop of Cologne, bringing with him from Italy a parting present from his Emperor, Frederic Barbarossa. This gift—more in keeping with the saintly office of the episcopal chancellor than with the bellicose propensities of the imperial giver—consisted of the heads of the "five kings of Milan," and the remains of the holy Apollonaris, first bishop of Ravenna, martyred under the Emperor Vespasian. When the chancellor was recalled to Italy, he deposited these relics upon an altar in the Chapel of St. Martin, and departed, leaving the pious dwellers beside the Rhine to rejoice with holy rejoicing over their newly-acquired treasures. Numerous were the pilgrimages paid to the shrine above Remagen, fervent the homage paid to the memory of St. Apollonaris.

Nevertheless, no one seems to have provided the honoured remains with a fitting tabernacle;

it was not until after the lapse of nearly seven hundred years, when, in 1836, the mountain and the ruined chapel passed together into the hands of Count Furstenberg of Stammheim, that a shrine was raised over the tomb of St. Apollonaris, accordant with the saintly fame of the martyr-bishop.

The new chapel was designed by Herr Zwirner, the architect under whose superintendence the restoration of Cologne Cathedral has been conducted. No especial beauty, however, despite the fame of Herr Zwirner, marks the exterior of St. Apollonaris; it is merely an unpretending Gothic structure, rather elegant in simplicity. The interior, built in form of a Greek cross, is happy in proportion, and admirably adapted for the polychrome decorations which it was from the first destined by Count Furstenberg to receive.

As early as 1837, the count commissioned Herr Schadow, then Director of the famous Düsseldorf Academy, to select from among his pupils those most competent to carry out at Remagen the entire decoration of the chapel in fresco-painting, after the manner of celebrated Italian examples. The choice of the master fell upon Ernst Deger, Andreas and Karl Müller, and Frans Ittenbach.

These four young men, of whom the eldest was under thirty, and the youngest not twenty, had already identified themselves with that spiritual phase of the German school which sprung into life and vigour at Düsseldorf, under the influence of Overbeck, Schadow, Settegast, and other apostles of modern Christian Art. The training required for their work at Remagen, the emulation and fervour it excited, from four to six years' residence in Italy, studying the great masterpieces and preparing cartoons—all served to fully develop the powers of the young artists; and when the completed chapel was opened, for the judgment of Germany, the names of Deger, Andreas and Karl Müller, and Frans Ittenbach took rank as leaders of the Christian school in which they had been disciples.

As we wound our way up the steep furrowed path which leads from Remagen to the chapel, and paused to rest beside the stations that mark the road as a Via Crucis, our thoughts wandered from the vine-covered banks of the Rhine to other scenes where, as pilgrims of Art, we had paid our devotions at Italian shrines. From the dark hills whose heads were now struggling with the morning mists, while their sloping sides glowed in autumn colouring of golden russet, sad green and dull crimson, above the swift river, we seemed carried far away to that still green garden at Padua where, amid tangle of roses and fruit trees, the little chapel of the Arena stands in the sunshine, and its frescoed walls fade slowly before the southern light; or, farther yet, to that other chapel at Assisi, where the solemn figure of St. Francis, "il glorioso Poverello di Dio," looks from the vaulted ceiling on which Giotto's hand has traced his story, down upon the shadowed altars, while monks chant, and incense rises to darken the vision.

These and many other reverently-remembered haunts rose up before us as we neared the object of our present pilgrimage; a bare-foot, brown-robed monk, passing us with firm upward step, seemed a natural link in the associations, and we followed him into the chapel, half expecting to greet again the familiar groups of Angelico and Giotto.

Our first impression on entering, was of wonder at the perfect harmony of the general effect: colour, line, distribution of light, and division of surface, are all in such exquisite agreement that the whole interior seems a long-drawn chord of pictured harmony, in which no tone is prominent, but none could be spared without breaking the spell.

As we have mentioned, the chapel has been especially planned to receive fresco decorations: the surface is unbroken by architectural detail; and the lines of construction, though elegant, are simple as possible. Two windows only—a large light in the south transept, and a rose window at the west end, behind the singers' gallery—break the walls, which are thus left free for decoration. Brilliance of colour has

been culminated on the frescoes themselves: the general tone has, therefore, been kept very quiet. Broken colours, with sparing use of gold, are employed for the elegant arabesques and dispersed patterns which serve as frame-work to the frescoes, line the flats of arches, and fill the walls up to the dado. Simple lines of blue, red, and gold, decorate the mouldings, and the whole concord of colour is bound together by the vaulting of blue strewn with golden stars.

To turn to the frescoes, which must claim such space as remains to us. The general arrangement of subject follows historic precedent. Thus, the north walls of the church are given to scenes from the life of the Blessed Virgin, and the double series unites at the apex in a grand fresco of Christ seated in judgment, surrounded by prophets, apostles, and martyrs. The east and west sides of the transept are devoted to passages from the legend of St. Apollonaris, to whom the church is dedicated. Deger takes the north walls and the apse, Karl Müller the south, and Andreas Müller the transept; beneath the large frescoes of the nave and choir runs a series of smaller compartments from the hand of Ittenbach.

It would be difficult to give detailed description of all the frescoes separately, without falling into the wearisome monotony of a catalogue; equally difficult does it become to select where each work merits more space than can be given to all. Moreover, no written account can produce upon the reader the wonderful unity and harmony felt on seeing the works together: the selection and grouping of subjects has been so felicitous, that each seems to assist in appreciation and comprehension of the rest; each is complete in itself and yet an inseparable link in the whole circle. The four young artists, whose first great work this frescoed interior became, brought to their labour the freshness of youthful enthusiasm, the devotion of eager disciples in an honoured cause, with a religious fervour akin to the spirit that fired the great masters of old: thus these walls bear the impress not of prosaic task work, but of living, earnest thought.

We begin with the works of Ernst Deger, the elder of the group of painters, and shall select those which show most originality of treatment and effect. The Birth of Christ, which fills the north side of the little nave of the chapel, commences the series. Deger has here combined all the incidents of the Christmas story: nine choirs of Angels float and chant in the heavens; shepherds bow in worship before the Holy Babe; wise men come from afar to behold the fulfilment of their prophetic visions. There is something of divine significance and dignity in this grouping together of all the actors in the first scene of the great Christian drama. Deger has, moreover, united an ideal and religious treatment of the subject with individuality and realistic power in detail.

That Italian influence is perceptible in the work of Deger is very evident; how could it be otherwise, when the young artist had been for six years preparing his cartoons in the very presence of the works of Fra Angelico and of Raphael? Yet there is a severity of earnestness in Deger's conception and treatment of his subjects, that allies him with the devotional painters of Germany in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and if we were to select his prototype among Italians, it would be Giotto rather than Raphael.

We may mention here the compositions of Franz Ittenbach; though inferior in scale to the works of his fellow-artists, they are no less precious in Art-quality. The characteristic beauties of Ittenbach's manner recall, indeed, the spiritual style of Fra Angelico; both artists, the greater and the less, have in common grace just touched by asceticism, tenderness finely tempered by simplicity, and pure brilliancy of colour, lustrous as jewels.

The chief frescoes by Karl Müller, the Birth of the Virgin, in the nave, and the Coronation of the Virgin, in the choir, are both good examples of his felicity in management of composing line. He seems to possess that sensi-

bility for balance and relation which, in a musician or a poet, would be sense of rhythm. Another admirable quality in the essentially graceful style of this artist, is the airy ease of attitude noticeable in his youthful or angelic figures, suggesting, as it were, motion in rest, like the poise of a lark, mid-heaven, or the "ucello divin" of Dante. The Birth of the Virgin is divided into upper and lower portions: that above, containing the chief subject, that below, a striking group of typical women from the Old Testament. This lower portion is very characteristic of Karl Müller, and brings out a power which a German critic, Herr Wiegmann, well describes as his "feines Gefühl für Schönheit und jungfräuliche Anmuth, die sich mit einem tief empfundenem Ausdrucke in Gestalt und Gebärde zu einem unwiderstehlichen Wirkung verbinden." This criticism is verified by the lovely figure of the virgin Abishag, who is the centre of the group we now consider: selected as a fair type of maidenhood, she stands with her hands clasped on her bosom, robed in white, delicate and tender as a lily, with an ineffable fragrance of purity and meekness about her bowed head and graceful form.

Passing onwards, from nave to transept, the frescoes by Andreas Müller, from the Legend of St. Apollonaris, strike the eye as negatively, rather than positively good. They may, indeed, be taken as fair examples of the German spiritual school in its weakness. The faults which mar these works by Andreas Müller are the faults of the school when unanimated by individual genius and character—conventionality of treatment, feebleness of drawing, and poor decorative colouring.

We turn to the grand fresco of the Crucifixion, by Deger, on the north transept wall, the most important and impressive of the whole series. In treating the solemn subject of the Crucifixion, Deger has sought to bring out, not the horror and awful agony which most artists make prominent features, but rather the divine significance of suffering, the strength of love true unto death. No obtrusive distortions distract the eye from the sublime calm of the crucified Christ, strong in endurance, suffused with light from the Unseen. The upturned face and patient form of the penitent thief, the painful contortions of the scoffer, and the various attitudes of groups below the Cross, are brought into subtle balance with the central figure, so that from it, and to it, every line radiates imperceptibly. The sorrowing mother at the foot of the cross is singularly beautiful: intense agony has blanched her face and enlarged her burning, but tearless eyes; not even the burden of a crushing grief can rob her form of the dignity of its Divine motherhood. The sky behind assumes a peculiar grey-blue tint, lightening into sullen red towards the horizon, and producing an effect strangely solemn and portentous: the air seems to gleam and quiver with intermittent flashes. The colouring throughout is harmonious and subdued; the draperies in this, as in other of Deger's frescoes, are somewhat squarely cast in manner, akin to the Giottoesque treatment.

To this, the grandest composition of the series of frescoes, we have devoted too much space to enter into further description. If our simple account should induce any one of our readers to visit for himself this mountain shrine of Art, he will linger long as we, and leave as reluctantly.

We stayed until the brown-robed monk had finished his sacristan work, had lit the lamps in the crypt-chapel where lies the martyr-bishop in stone effigy, had dressed the altar-rails with spotless muslin, had passed numberless times in and out of the church with his noiseless bare feet; still we lingered, when the quiet was disturbed by sudden incursion of visitors from the town. Their loud voices, jarring on the silence, broke the spell, and we turned to go. Before the short autumn day was ended we were many miles away from Remagen. But the memory of the mountain-chapel with the pictured vision on its walls, haunts us yet: it is an abiding source of calm delight to which weary thought may turn for rest amid the noise and tumult of city-life.

AGNES D. ATKINSON.

WOOLNER'S STATUE OF DAVID SASSOON.

A STEADY current of the precious metals was directed towards the shores of our Indian Empire, and especially towards those of Bombay, by the devastation of the cotton fields of the Southern States of America, during the civil war. The wonderful silver fever which ensued is now a thing of the past. The gigantic fortunes which both native and English speculators accumulated in a few months withered like fairy gold. But every now and then, some relic of this short-lived splendour is cast up on the banks of the Thames, like a bottle which had been thrown overboard in a shipwreck. It is happy when such *jetsam* and *flotsam* falls at the feet of an artist. Some such good fortune must have guided the commission, to execute in marble the statue now exhibiting by Mr. Woolner, to the studio of that sculptor. The statue is a fair specimen of a conscientious realistic treatment. The outline of the face, the flowing robes and beard, the folds and the shadow of the turban, are all eminently suitable for representation in sculpture. The most objectionable characteristic of the statue is the poor, chimney-piece marble in which it is wrought. The obtrusive blue veins lead the lover of pure sculpture to wish that if better marble was unattainable, some humbler, but less variegated material had been employed by the artist; and we have something like the shadow of a doubt whether the treatment is not rather fitted for stone than for marble. Look at the folds of the girdle; they are natural, it is true, but there is a want of incision, especially towards their terminations, which is hardly consistent with the pliancy of Oriental textures. In a word, they are to some extent conventionalised. A similar remark applies to the beard. The stopping-pieces between the fingers, which are now so unsightly, will, no doubt, be removed when the statue arrives at its final destination. We speak with some hesitation on this point, from the fact that the usual English difficulty as to seeing the statue interferes with a more accurate criticism. The reader who has not carefully studied sculpture may look aghast at the remark. The statue stands in the open court of the Kensington Museum, under a roof of glass. Just so; and therefore it cannot be seen as a statue should be seen. No one who has ever laid a chisel on marble while exposed to a shifting and varying light, will doubt the truth of the remark. To attempt sculpture in the open air, or under circumstances which allow of the constant change in the direction of the luminous rays, is a task that will soon remind him who attempts it of the fable of the "Cat, the two Monkeys, and the Cheese;" his evening's nibbling at the subject will need to be compensated by a counter-nibbling by morning light. Sculpture can only be satisfactorily executed under a fixed illumination, and no work save that of the Great Artificer will bear examination in any light but that under which it was wrought—speaking rather of direction than of intensity or of colour. We should like to see it properly illuminated. The effect by night is said to be fine, but of that we have not had an opportunity of forming an opinion: and even that must be an accidental advantage, for the statue appears to have been placed in the situation which happened to be available as to space, without any regard to the primary requisite of correct sculptural lighting.

PICTURE GALLERIES OF ITALY.—PART IV. VENICE. FLORENCE—THE PITTI PALACE.



GIOVANNI BELLINI.



THE Venetian Academy of Fine Arts stands at the entrance of the Grand Canal, beside the church of Sta. Maria della Salute: the building was originally the convent of the fraternity *della Carità*. Within its walls is a collection of about seven hundred pictures, among them a considerable number of the finest works of the school of Venice, for which the institution is indebted in no small measure to the exertions and discrimination of Count Cicognara, in the early part of the present century.

In the preceding chapter attention was directed to one of the chief ornaments of the picture-gallery, Titian's

'Assumption of the Virgin;' another great work of the same painter is 'The Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple.' Kugler designates it as "of a cheerful, worldly character," and certainly the critic's description fully bears out the application of the terms:—"A crowd of figures, among whom are the senators and procurators of St. Mark, are looking on in astonishment and excitement while the lovely Child (Jesus), holding its little blue garment daintily in its right hand, is ascending the steps of the Temple, where the high priest, attended by a Levite, is receiving her (the Virgin) with a benediction. Windows and balconies are full of spectators; while, next the steps, sits an old woman selling eggs, and looking on at the tumult with curiosity. The scene is rendered with great *naïveté*, and with an incomparable glow of colour." Undoubtedly the old painters had often strange ideas of sacred Art when they could, as in this instance, associate the citizens of ancient Jerusalem and those of Venice in the sixteenth century taking part in the same ceremony.

Tintoretto's great work in the Academy—and it ranks among his most remarkable compositions—is 'St. Mark delivering the Slave;' the slave being a Venetian whom the Turks had taken prisoner; the saint is rendering him invulnerable to the torments which his master has ordered to be inflicted on him. The picture

is very large, and contains numerous figures; chief among them is St. Mark, admirable in the foreshortening, who is seen floating in the air in the midst of a halo of bright yellow; below is the captive, upon whom the executioners are unimpressively exercising their instruments of torture in the presence of a group of spectators. This has always been considered Tintoretto's *chef-d'œuvre* as an oil-painting.

Jacopo Palma, surnamed Il Vecchio, adopted in his earlier time the style of Giovanni Bellini, whose portrait heads this chapter, and afterwards that of Giorgione. The Academy possesses some of his best works: notably, 'St. Peter surrounded by Saints,' a picture of his early period; 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' belonging to that of his transition; and 'The Raising of the Widow's Son,' which, taken as a whole, surpasses the others.

The younger Venetian school is pre-eminently represented here by the works of Vittore Carpaccio, who flourished in the latter part of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth. His eight large pictures illustrating the history of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand Virgins, form a series of most masterly compositions; but his grandest work is 'THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE,' painted in 1510; it shows how soon the painters of this school began to develop their fancy for ornamental architecture as backgrounds, and for richly decorated costumes and accessories of all kinds. In this 'Presentation' Mary appears carrying the infant Jesus and followed by two maidens; the faces of these three figures are very beautiful. Opposite to them is the aged Simeon, habited as one of the chief priests of the Temple, and followed by two minor priests acting as train-bearers: the heads of these figures are also fine and of a noble character. In a kind of niche at the foot of the altar are three children playing various musical instruments. In design, expression, and colour, this is unquestionably a very remarkable picture for the period at which it was painted, and certainly affords ample justification for the term applied to Carpaccio, as, *par excellence*, "the historical painter of the early Venetian school." An engraving of it is introduced here.

Our next illustration is copied from one of those gorgeous scenic subjects that Paul Veronese delighted in, 'JESUS FEASTING AT

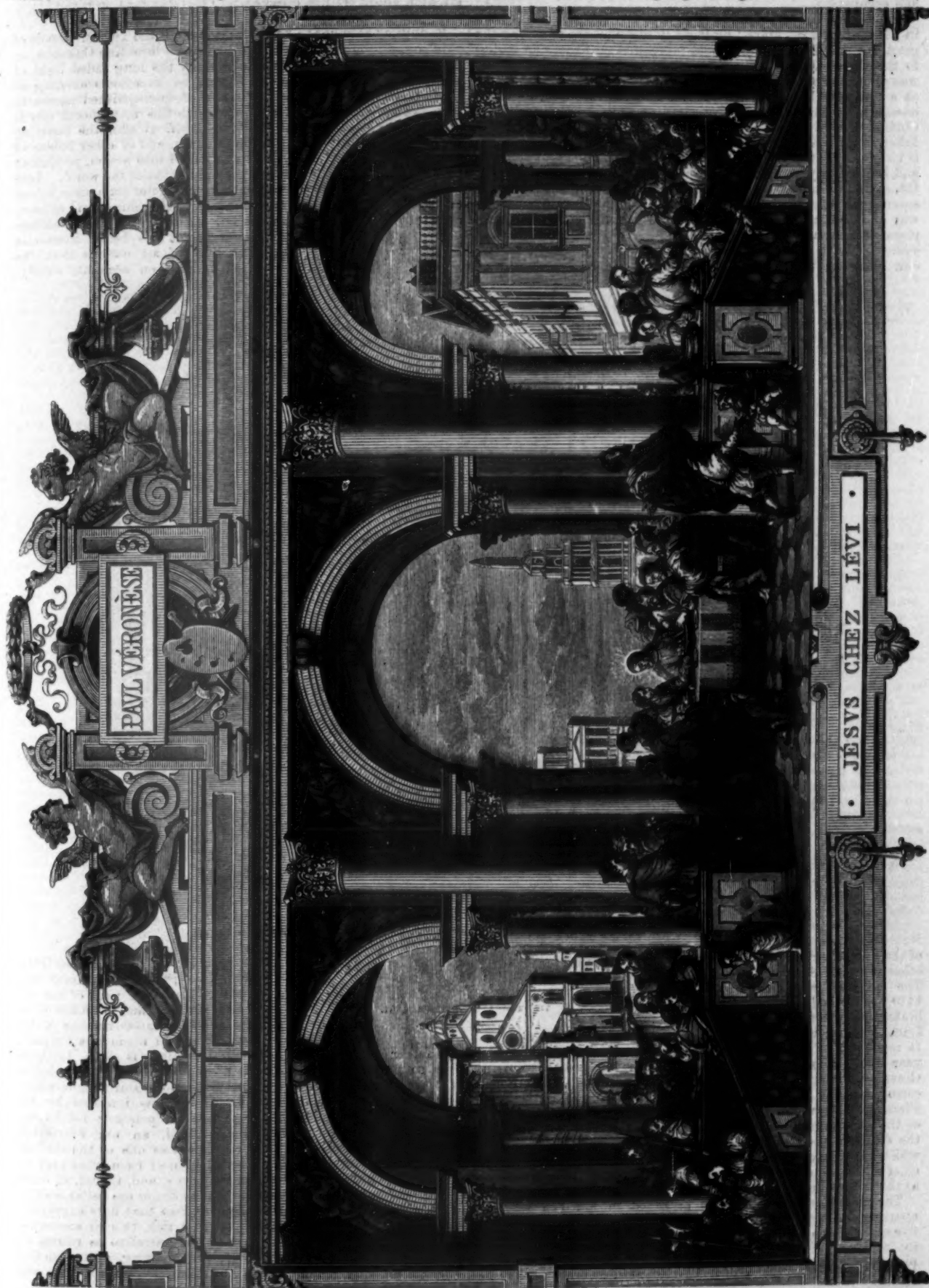
THE HOUSE OF LEVI, equal in size to his colossal picture of the 'Marriage of Cana,' in the Louvre. The entertainment is spread



THE PRESENTATION.
(Carpaccio.)

out in an open colonnade overlooking a city, that looks like Venice; in the central compartment is the principal guest in conversation with those around Him; numerous other persons occupy the wings of the composition;

while in the immediate foreground, and descending the broad steps on each side, are groups of figures that form episodes,



as it were, in the principal story. Yet, somehow or other, they all appear subordinate to the magnificent display of archi-

lecture; the crowd of people, pictorially arranged, gives it life and occupation.

Another grand combination of figures and architecture is seen in 'The Ring of St. Mark,' by Paris Bordone; it ranks among the most celebrated of his works, and represents the fisherman giving to the Doge of Venice the ring which, according to the legend, was presented to the former by St. Mark, patron saint of the city, as a pledge of his good-will to it. On a raised bench, to which access is gained by successive steps of mosaic work, sits the Council of Ten, with the Doge in the centre, under a canopy; the fisherman, who has just landed from a gondola, a portion of which is visible in the foreground, has ascended the second flight of steps, and bends lowly as he presents the ring to the Doge; in front of the steps is a numerous body of civic authorities, headed as it seems by a dignitary of the Church. Through a lofty open archway of the court in an apartment in which the ceremony takes place, is seen a group of Venetian edifices. With this we must close our notice of the gallery of the

Academy, though it contains many more works to which special attention might well be directed.

FLORENCE assumes to be the parent of all the Italian schools of painting, although at the time when the Florentine Cimabue, in the thirteenth century, arose to revivify the long faded light of the painter's art, there were known to be schools existing at Pisa, Sienna, and Venice. The roll of distinguished names in Art, Poetry, and Science, associated with this magnificent city is scarcely exceeded by that of Rome itself. Under the fostering care of the princely family of the Medicis, and of other nobles of Florence, genius of every kind was called into action, producing fruits that yet remain to extort the admiration of the world. Less ornate, perhaps, in its general exterior character than some others of the Italian cities, it presents a dignified architectural appearance of a most impressive kind. Among its noble edifices

there is not one better known to travellers of all nations than the Pitti Palace, on account, chiefly,



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.
(Ghirlandajo.)

of the fine collection of pictures and other works of Art contained in it. The building was commenced in 1440, from the designs of the celebrated architect Brunelleschi, by Luca Pitti, a wealthy Florentine.

It remained in the possession of his descendants till about the year 1559, when it was purchased from his great grandson, Giovanni Pitti; or, as some writers affirm, in 1549, from Bonaccorso Pitti, by Leonora de Toledo, wife of Cosmo I., Duke of Florence. From one or other of those dates till about the middle of the last century, when the Medicis dynasty became extinct by the death of the Grand Duke, Gian Gastone, the Pitti Palace, which has always retained its original name, continued to be the chief residence of the family, and has since maintained its position as the abode of royalty.

The collection of pictures is arranged in fourteen splendid apartments, decorated in the style of Louis Quatorze. The first five of these, the most richly ornamented, have the ceilings painted, in fresco, by Pietro da Cortona; and each bears the name of a planet. The number of pictures distributed through the gallery is about five hundred. We reserve to the following chapter any reference to them, with the exception of 'THE ADORATION

OF THE MAGI,' by Domenico Ghirlandajo, a Florentine painter who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and is spoken of as one of the greatest masters of his age. His real name was Carradi;

his father, a goldsmith of high repute, is said to have been so famed for the garlands he manufactured for the ladies of Florence that he acquired the surname of Ghirlandajo, which descended to his children. Domenico was intended by his father for a goldsmith, but his love of painting led to his being placed under Alessio Baldovinetti, an old Florentine artist of no great repute. Ghirlandajo was one of the earliest painters of his school who alienated himself from what may be termed the Gothic style of his predecessors, and, indeed, of some of his contemporaries. His excellent qualities are better seen in his frescoes than in his easel-pictures, like that here engraved; but this well-known sacred subject is a rich, though somewhat curious, composition with regard to the narrative as related in scripture. The figures are careful in drawing, symmetrically arranged, the reverential feeling of each is well expressed, and the costumes are displayed with no inconsiderable grace.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

FORTY-THIRD EXHIBITION.

THE Scottish metropolis, so delightful at any season, is never more enjoyable than when the Academy has opened its annual exhibition. And so well is this understood, that no sooner is the note of preparation heard, than all descriptions of people begin to plume their expectant wings, and come flocking from far and near to the Grecian building on the old Edinburgh Mound. In they all go with a little flutter of excitement, grasping their catalogues with an earnest satisfaction; and thus, day after day, keep pouring into the beautiful rooms with their abundance of Art treasures stretching out before them "where to choose."

The usual Banquet (held this year on the 12th of February), which was largely attended by the Members of the Academy and their friends, derived additional interest from the presence of Mr. Reverdy Johnson. The American Minister was charmed with the *localité* of the feast as a novelty in his experience, and took occasion to supplement his previous eulogies on Scotland by special reference to the merits of its artists. The Earl of Haddington, another distinguished guest, won golden opinions by the display of his oratorical powers. President Sir George Harvey occupied the chair, with D. O. Hill, Esq., Croupier; and altogether the evening was intellectually worthy, and well fitted to leave a trail of sunny memories behind it. In the present exhibition, all the Academicians are represented, several of them in eminent force; yet we miss some one distinctive work that rivets the attention and far outstrips the rest. This is a pity; for every such creation of genius, coming upon us with glorious power, not only thrills the soul with a new joy, but marks an era in the history of Art. Two associates are wanting, PETER GRAHAM and R. GAVIN. But the two Academicians Elect (Messrs. ROSS and CAMERON) have both rendered good service; the 'Salmon Fishing' of the former, and 'Responsibility' by the latter, being excellent examples of their individual styles. In the absence of any "bright particular star" to bear off the palm, we are partly consoled by observing that a greater number than usual possess decided claims to our respect. With men whose reputation has attained a certain altitude, their names alone are a sufficient guarantee of excellence; while to the majority, who are yet toiling up the mountain at various elevations, we had much rather stretch out the hand of encouragement than offer the utterances of cold, hard criticism. For Art, be it remembered, like Music or Poetry, is just an outlet of mind which requires judicious training; and whoever ventures on the field regardless of this truth will speedily discover (without the hasty censure of others) his own inherent incapacity, and so fade away into insignificance. 'An Officer in the Elizabethan Costume,' has the full vigorous touch of the late JOHN PHILLIP, R.A., 'The Minuet,' by J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., is a very charming young girl to whom dancing has a grave importance wholly ignored by the belles of our modern school. Sir NOEL PATON's, R.S.A., 'Fairy Raid' is a pre-eminent example of what we would fain designate the *early style* of this master; from which, albeit he has a lingering fondness for it, he ever and anon emerges into what may be a graver and higher walk. Sir GEORGE HARVEY, P.R.S.A., is thoroughly good this year,—in the portrait of the 'Baillie of Proven,' in his 'Ben Ledi,' a rich landscape, and especially in 'Auchmoor,' a romantic and suggestive leaf from Nature's book. Of THOMAS FAIR's, R.A., two pictures (each a private property), 'Pot Luck'—children feeding poultry, though simple and amusing, is greatly excelled by 'Music hath charms,' where a beautiful type of a true Scottish lassie stands lost in the bewilderment of a rustic strain. 'Haddon Hall,' by JOHN FAIR, R.S.A., is a delightful reminiscence of the olden time; and while the foreground is occupied by competitors in the graceful lists of archery, the distance reveals the ancient castle towering amid its green surroundings. WILLIAM CRAWFORD, A., though dealing largely in

portraiture, is something more than a mere copyist of features, as witness the sisters 'Lucy and Evelyn,' conspicuous for a certain easy elegance rare of attainment. Our favourite, however, is 'Too Late.' Here a girl of exquisite beauty—whose hair alone, decked with the solitary blue flower, is a study of golden wealth—comes stealthily to a garden gate, "too late" to hinder the hostile encounter of rival lovers, one of whom lies dead behind the door. The colour may be somewhat florid, but the situation is striking, and told with fine effect. There is cleverness and ingenuity in JAMES DRUMMOND's, R.S.A., 'Queen Mary returning from the Kirk of Field,' yet the insignificance of the principal figure essentially mars the interest. J. B. MACDONALD, A., is only partially successful in 'King James and the Witches,' inasmuch as the female on whom the accusation rests, lacks expression, and the grouping is slightly confused. The figure of James and of the old woman are redeeming points, and the theme is attractive from its peculiarity. The 'Old World and the New,' by WILLIAM DOUGLAS, R.S.A., is quaint and suggestive. Two monks, severe in garb and brimful of the self-denying austerity of their order, are seated moodily in cloistered cell; while outside the casement we have a peep of some jaunty specimens of over-dressed humanity disporting themselves in the sunshine—a novel conception, and well portrayed. 'Left Behind,' by the same artist, depicts a simple incident that strikes home at a glance to the spectator's heart.

We do not care much for Sir FRANCIS GRANT's, P.R.A., illustration of the 'Battle of Alma,' deeming that all battle-effects, whether by sea or land, must tend to confuse the eye rather than gratify the taste, and therefore do not generally offer appropriate subjects for the pencil. The same objection, though differently applied, affects GOURLAY STEEL's, R.S.A., 'Shooting Party,' where tameness takes the place of tumult; and where, unless the multitudinous *dramatis personæ* are portraits, there is little to satisfy the mind. As an animal painter, Mr. STEEL asserts his superiority in such pieces as 'Left in Charge' and 'Old Favourites,' excellently manipulated. GEORGE HAY gives us that comical scene from 'The Fortunes of Nigel' where Richie Monipplies swaggering down Fleet Street is assailed with jeers and mock adulation by the passers by. There is decided ability in the *pose* of the figures, and the humour is inimitable. ALEXANDER LAGGOTT possesses versatility of talent. 'The shipwrecked Fisherman' is a clever, dreary conception; but the great favourite is 'Hame frae the Herring Drave,' where the young seaman having poured out his earnings on the table with quiet pride, he and his money are being closely scrutinised by the family. The woman who points eagerly to the silver is evidently a calculating soul. How different the innocent child who sits playing on the floor, unconscious of the very existence of the world's idol! This was one of the earliest pictures sold in the exhibition,—for the sum of £140. The large canvas, 'Arab attacked by Lions,' C. LUTYENS, is a striking theme ably expounded. The swing of the flying horseman is admirably given, as he dashes desperately past his wild assailants; and as we glance at one huge creature whose disabled condition has doubly infuriated the others, we wish the poor Bedouin God-speed out of reach of the frightful jaws of his enemies. M. G. BRENNAN's 'Via della Vita, Rome,' has a certain artistic feeling; but we would suggest less stiffness of form and more variety in the countenances. J. A. HOUSTON, R.S.A., shows to advantage in all his handiwork—chiefly 'Alice,' a charming impersonation of a young girl, the down on whose snowy mantle is not softer than her own sweet nature; and 'Another Bite,' where an old and a young man sit lazily in a boat watching the dip of the fishing-line. We greet JAMES ARCHER's, R.S.A., 'My Great-grandmother,' and particularly admire his 'Little Lady,' in the pale blue dress with hands folded on her breast, 'as she stood to Vandyke.' This last is a gem. His 'Queen Guinevere being carried to Glastonbury' appears flat. The faces are too pale and lack variety. 'Christmas Prepara-

tions, by JOHN BURN, is carefully painted both in respect of the figures and the still life. The chief cook shows all the irritability of temper assigned to her class; and the promiscuous handling of the diverse ingredients of the coming feast amply confirms the popular notion that in culinary matters it is wiser not to venture behind the scenes. We need no catalogue to announce the author of 'Waiting at the Cross Road,' by E. NICOL, R.S.A., where every person and everything—the stout traveller in front, with greatcoat and muffler, from whom the woman asks alms, the old pilgrim piper, and the migratory gossips behind—ay, even to the dog and the game scattered about the path—are unmistakably out-and-out Hibernian. And saying this what needs further praise?

There is power in J. PETER's, A.R.A., dreadful 'Tussle with a Highland Smuggler.' We feel the straining of muscle as the limbs of the combatants are set in the deadly struggle, and the exciseman's life seems well-nigh hanging by a thread in the desperate grip of his infuriate foe. What was the treachery of Lord Carlisle which J. J. NAPIER depicts with easy animation and agreeable finish, yet rather florid colouring? The figures are well placed, and ought to create interest, but the story to our memory is lacking. WILLIAM M'TAGGART, A., is excellent in 'Young Trawlers'—a bevy of children of all ages, who, having scrambled into a boat, are making mock efforts to enact fishers in every imaginable attitude. The late Hugh Miller is very characteristically rendered by W. SMELLIE WATSON, R.S.A., in 'Geological Mining.' His first-found specimen has opened a vein of thought in that serious mind of which the result was the "Old Red Sandstone." How is it, we would ask, that W. E. LOCKHART presents us with 'The Bolero,' seeing that another canvas, identically similar, hangs at present in the Glasgow Exhibition? The same question occurs in regard to the 'Dominie' of THOMAS GRAHAM, and also the 'Sancho Panza' of ROBERT GREENLEES. Surely this fact, if permissible, ought at least to be acknowledged. A word of praise is due to C. E. DOWDARD for three pieces, all good, especially 'Noontide Rest.' A weary old woman reposes agreeably amid the innocent surroundings of children and sheep. The whole is beautifully toned, and there is a cleanliness in the sky very grateful and appropriate. We do not wonder that G. P. CHALMERS, A., found ready purchasers for both his productions:—'The Old Story,' where grandmother and child are carefully studying the Book; and 'Asleep,' in which age is most truthfully portrayed in the wrinkled face, lean hands, and worn out frame of the octogenarian, whose spinning wheel stands neglected before her. Sacred subjects are rare in our exhibitions. JOHN RUSSELL's 'Ascension' would have appeared to more advantage had the sky been clearer and less massive. As it is, the effect of the principal figure is marred; but the effort was high, and has several creditable points. The 'Return from Hawking,' by the same, is vastly elaborate both in living impersonation, architecture, and surrounding minutiae. As far as we can judge, however, it is quite a misnomer, and might be the return from anything as well as hawking. There is fairy fancy in 'Love's Bandists,' J. M. ROBERTSON, boyish figures flying merrily on Cupid's errands, laughing and careless of the wounds they are about to inflict. R. P. BELLS' 'Cup of good Canary,' has the genuine smack of the connoisseur, as he twists his features, while scrutinising the colour of the wine through the glass. HUGH COLLINS has studied human nature to purpose as we find it in 'Domestic Industry in the Highlands,' for verily this is about the laziest industry that could be imagined, and likely to be so much the more truthful "in the Highlands." The 'Mother and Child' of ADOLPHUS ARTS is soft, simple, and beautiful; positively without fault in our eyes. We would suggest to J. OSWALD STEWART to pay more attention to expression in the countenances of his characters, for, in the midst of much careful painting, this is sadly lacking in the piece called 'The Gift,' as also in 'Foul Play.' The old woman sitting by the 'Empty Cradle,' J. C. MUNRO, has considerable feeling.

It would puzzle a conjuror to unravel what G. MACCULLOCH means by 'Man, the Dreamer.' To speak gently, the tissue is far too involved to repay the trouble of clearing the web; and to call such an unreasonable fancy by the sacred name of Art, appears scarcely excusable. Art is truth, or the verisimilitude of it; and not the material transference of any vague whim of a fevered brain. But it is time we should speak of one of the most rising artists in Scotland, for whom we augur great things, if time only is granted to mature his talents. KEESLEY HALLWELL, A., hitherto associated almost exclusively with Newhaven episodes, takes a bold flight this year into a totally diverse walk, and starts away into the sunny south, thence importing to us three glowing transcripts of Italian life. Yet lest we should forget his early mission, he first gives us 'The Fish Auction,' an admirable version of such gatherings, to keep alive the memory of his old love. There is capital grouping, rich colour, fine observation, and powerful effect, in all these Continental scenes. 'The Contadini waiting for Hire,' is broad and masterly in style; so is the 'Piazza at Rome,' where the fat priest, clutching the umbrella, seems more intent on his dinner than his orisons.

Pass we at length from the crowded ways of men to the haunts of nature. And first we would peep into the delicious bit of forest solitude by J. FARQUHARSON, suggested by Milton's lines,—"Now comes still evening on," &c. The amber sunset, partially revealed through the tall tree branches, is fast fading into twilight. The mysterious hush pervading the lonely woodland strikes to the heart with a solemn passage, and we suspend our speech in sympathetic union. J. McWHIRTER, A., is a man of whom the Academy may be proud. For genius soaring far above talent, industry, and force of circumstance, is the subtle alchemist that transfigures whatever it touches, snatching a grace infinitely beyond the reach of all other mental gifts. When we look at 'Old Edinburgh, Night,' it is not the stone and lime we contemplate. The poetry of city-life, its sins and sorrows, its pains and toils, its transient joys and its tearful agonies, its praying and its cursing, its cold and hunger, its thousand inevitable vicissitudes—all rise up before us in one long continuous wall, beneath which the listening soul lies down and overflows with earnest compassion. 'The Haunted House,' is also an expressive picture; while the nameless dreary scene, indicated by the line, 'With a heigh-ho! the wind and the rain,' is eloquently suggestive of piteous discomfort. We like JOHN SMART's treatment of 'Her Majesty's Deer Forest.' He has a fine eye for the grandeur of Caledonia's "Muir and Mosses mony, O!" and the stormy mists gathering round Loch-na-Gar are dashed off with an impressive hand. Analogous to the foregoing is BEATTIE BROWN's 'Among the Grampians,' a stern page in a rugged region faithfully read. His 'Deserted Mill' is a fragmentary study of much merit. So also are 'Cottages near Loch Vennacher,' and the 'Clachan of Aberfoil,' by E. T. CRAUFORD, R.S.A. The snow about the cottages is very real, and the donkey standing at the door a monument of patience under most discouraging circumstances. T. CLARK, A., excels in 'Ben Venue, Loch Achray,' an old time-honoured theme, of which neither painters nor the public ever seem to tire. We class J. C. WINTOUR, A., and J. DOCHARTY together in respect of unwearied industry in their special department of natural exposition, evinced by the number and variety of their contributions. 'An Auld Drive Road,' by the former, shows a quick appreciation of evening's soft effects; while the 'Moorland' and 'Arran Cottage,' of the latter, are full of wild and truthful beauty. A. FRASER, R.S.A., is so delightful in his 'Fern Harvest, Surrey,' that we the more regret the paucity of his appearances. This want, however, is amply compensated by A. PERIGOAL, R.S.A., who is strong this year both numerically and meritoriously. Of his nine canvases, we would particularise 'A Last Gleam on Snowdon,' a striking effect of light amid the surroundings of sombre grey; and largest and best, the 'Mountain Scene in Sutherland,' which speaks a

sublime language to the heart of the intelligent spectator. But where is S. BROWN, A., all this while? Winning new laurels unquestionably at the hand of discrimination and taste. And whether we contemplate the 'Swollen Torrent,' tumbling over the Hartz Mountains, or the beautiful repose of 'Cader Idris,' and the 'Ruins on Inch Mahon,' the wonderful 'Storm over Dunstanborough Castle,' or, last and greatest, 'Skiddaw from Watendlath,' an exquisite rendering of a peculiar cast of country with hill and dale, bridge and cattle and sky, all blending in delicious conjunction (and rightly sold on the first day of the Exhibition for 200 guineas),—we have only two words to say of the whole:—"Well done!"

D. O. HILL, R.S.A., contributes many and varied works. Of his twin Edinburgh pieces, we prefer 'From the Calton Hill, Evening.' It is very sweetly toned, and contains more elaboration than is usual with this artist. 'A Whinny Knows near Palmont' is remarkable for the clear immensity of the distance, revealing the Ochils range afar. We like 'Castle Campbell,' with its peculiar sky. (Is almost any tint of sky unnatural?) And the 'Peep o' day on the river Suir, Ireland,' is dark and effective. 'The Birthplace of Queen Mary' is quite a fairy-scene, sunny and delightful. We must thank Mr. F. VALLANCE for 'Ellangowan Castle,' a very clever illustration from "Guy Mannering," where the snow upon the rocks that girt the sea-beach has fallen opportunely to hide the footprints of the villain Glossin. How soothing and lovely, on the other hand, is his 'Summer Evening on the Forth,' where the bridal is being held between earth and sky! WALLER PATON, R.S.A., is one of those progressive spirits that demands our respect. Though rather addicted to mannerism, by which we mean a repetition of himself in his sunset skies and young May moons, there is close fidelity to nature in the stroke of his brush. He possesses, moreover, a versatility by which he can compass his purpose in a twofold manner, either by oil or water-colour, an attempt not always made with equal success. The 'Autumn Evening, Arran,' is a type of the perfect serenity of the loveliest hour in the holiest tide of the year; and the 'Moor in Skye,' fresh, wild, and expansive, appeals to every observant eye to testify to its truthfulness. In portraiture *per se* we have abundant specimens from D. MACNEIL, R.S.A.: the most important being 'Viscount Melville in the Royal Archers' uniform;' and the prettiest, 'Mrs. Hannan,' seated in her drawing-room, with her dog in her lap. COLVIN SMITH, R.S.A., amply maintains his reputation, while J. M. BARCLAY, TAVERNER KNOTT, MACRETH, LEE, R.S.A., BURTON, A., MACLEAY, R.S.A., and others, are excellently represented. The water-colours are generally superior—comprising most of the old names and some new ones. JAMES BAMBOURGH has distinctive talent, as also R. M. BALLANTYNE, R. MORHAM, JUNR., WOOLNETH, MILLER, STAUNTON, and a host of others, whom in the limited space of one article devoted to the Royal Academy, we cannot attempt to analyse.

The display of sculpture, though limited, is of a high class. WILLIAM BRODIE, R.S.A., has, among others, a statue in marble called 'Sunshine,' full of grace and beauty. JOHN HUTCHISON, R.S.A., 'Dante' is replete with the dignity of a noble intelligence. WILLIAM MOSSMAN's 'Flora Macdonald' is sweet and tender; and A. ANDERSON's 'Jessie,' a pattern of chubby childhood folded in downy sleep. Besides a duplicate of the 'Model for a Colossal Statue of Dr. Livingstone,' now in the Glasgow Institute, and of which we, last month, expressed a high opinion, Mrs. D. O. HILL excels in a 'Marble Statue of the late Hugh Miller,' and a 'Model Bust of Mrs. Gilroy.' Indeed, if we do not greatly mistake, this lady is yet destined to reap the highest awards of merit in her branch of Art.

We leave the Royal Academy for 1869 in prosperity and honour; now fairly on the road to realize the splendid prospects which the celebrated Hugh Williams prophesied to be in store for Art-genius in Scotland.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

CHAPTER III.

SECTION V.

In any attempt to describe a collection of many varieties of china, the convenience both of the writer and of the reader leads the former to adopt the historic order. In proportion to the magnitude and value of the collection, will be the need that this order should be adopted in its arrangement and catalogue. The result of this natural grouping is, that any gap or hiatus will become more clearly apparent. Thus when a collection once attains a certain importance, it passes into a transition state. The necessity of completion presses upon the proprietors. Insensibly, and instinctively, a large collection will tend to form itself into a historic gallery.

The extreme and lavish wealth of the Kensington Gallery in Italian majolica renders more marked, by contrast, the comparative poverty of the collection in some other respects. By the side of one of the finest collections of Italian enamelled pottery in the world, we expect, in an English exhibition, to see some systematic illustrations of the various old English manufactures of earthenware, and it is surprising to find (as in the representation of the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet omitted by special desire) that the very ware from which the general name of CHINA is taken is omitted. No Oriental china—the porcelain of China and of Japan—is to be found in the Ceramic Gallery. The articles of this description which are in the possession of the Museum, are displayed, together with the loan specimens, in the courts below. Of course this defect is only a transitory one; but, so long as it exists, it interferes with both the artistic and the historic value of the entire collection.

In the country from which what we call 'China' derives its name, the manufacture of pottery can be traced back for four thousand five hundred years, to the remote date of 2698, B.C. Porcelain proper dates from the fifth Chinese dynasty, which reigned the second century before Christ. The eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth dynasties, known by the names of Tchin, Soui, and Thang—in the third, the sixth, and the tenth centuries of our era—witnessed the production of the ancient blue, the ancient green, and the ancient white porcelain—the colours and forms of which have been reproduced in more modern times. The reign of the Soung dynasty, which lasted from 960 to 1279, A.D., was the period which produced the most precious and famous porcelain, the very fragments of some descriptions of which are now treasured like gems. Of these, the first in date and in value is carried back a few years earlier, to the time of the preceding Thang dynasty, in 954, being the azure crackle, intended to emulate the blue of the eky. The second in rank is the blue crackle; the third is blue and rose; the fourth, a pale blue or red; while the fifth contains china of white, red, brown, and black colours. We find in the Museum Library a translation into French, by M. Stanislaus Julien, of a Chinese history of the fabrication of porcelain, so that, to a certain extent the treasures of that formidable tongue are here unsealed and open to the student.

The exquisite egg-shell china, which has been considered to have a double title to the name, first, and very questionably, on the ground that powdered egg-shells

entered into its composition; and, secondly, because it is as white, as transparent, and almost as thin, as the shell of a hen's egg,—much more so than that of the egg of an ostrich,—dates early in the sixteenth century. Some specimens of the finest egg-shell china consist of scarcely anything but glaze, being as thin, the Chinese writers tell us, as bamboo paper. While such is the delicacy of the smaller pieces of porcelain, we may remark, at the other extreme of the scale of magnitude, the porcelain tower at Nankin, which is 830 feet high.

The mingled Oriental collection, partly owned by, and partly lent to, the Museum, is in too transitory a condition to allow us to give much notice of its contents, as fresh arrangement would perplex the reader. Some Japanese bowls and vases will claim attention. A curious Japanese dish, dated 1641, is remarkable for being adorned with a Christian subject, that of the Baptism of Christ, having been executed before the suppression of Christianity in Japan. The Chinese embossed and gilded jar (324—'54), bought for £40, is a valuable specimen of a curious style of work. Large plates of crimson crackle, and of green crackle, and a basin of light yellow, are among the most noteworthy of these valuable pieces of porcelain.

Still confining our attention to Oriental china, we find that Persian ware is very fairly represented in the Museum. The purity of the white enamel, the brilliancy of the colours, and the Oriental character of the designs, are such as to raise this description of pottery to a position of considerable importance. An ancient Persian bowl of enamelled earthenware, painted inside and out with a floriated design in blue, was bought for the small price of £4. Glazed vases and bottles, and enamelled plates, bowls, cups, saucers, and salt-cellars, form the bulk of this part of the collection. One very curious bowl has the appearance, at first sight, of being set with precious stones; being painted with ornaments in blue and black, and diapered with perforations filled in with glaze. It was bought, with most of the Persian china, from the Bandinel collection. Specimens of enamelled wall-tiles are also to be seen in the case of Persian earthenware; the architectural decoration of mosques and palaces with coloured and enamelled pottery being a style of art equally suited, to climates in which fountains and jets of water constitute almost the highest luxury, and to the taste of the Moorish and Saracenic propagators of the stern faith of Islam. In the quaint and charming palace of Cintra is to be found a summer-house on the roof, lined with enamelled earthenware, the incautious visitor to which finds himself imprisoned by a wall of water that occupies the entrance, while he unexpectedly finds himself to be the mark at which jets from every side are suddenly and accurately directed.

SECTION VI.

In the absence from the Ceramic Gallery of specimens of Oriental china, with the exception of that of Persia, the historic order of the collection leads the observer to commence, after a glance at the small case of Greek objects, at Hispano-Moresque ware. The tiles, or "azulejos," which were architecturally used in the Moorish edifices of Spain, are considered to be the earliest examples of enamelled earthenware in modern Europe. Specimens date from the fourteenth century. They belong, however, like the Della Robbia plaques, rather to architectural decoration than to the sub-

ject now under consideration. Of the utensils purchased by the Museum, some are objects of great price and rarity. One of the most striking is a bowl and cover, of enamelled earthenware, 18 inches in diameter, and 21 inches high, painted with a scroll diaper, in alternate compartments of gold lustre and blue, the cover surmounted by a cupola-shaped ornament in gold lustre. This piece of Spanish work, of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, cost £80. Another curious specimen is a bowl 20 inches in diameter, and 9 inches deep, in the shape of a funnel, adorned with the representation of a ship in full sail, with the royal arms of Portugal on the sail: this cost £54. An ewer with handle and spout, the sides being gadrooned and ornamented in blue and lustre, will also attract attention. The large size of the bowls appears to denote the ancient prevalence of a mode of cookery still familiar in Spain. A plateau of Hispano-Moresque ware, 20 inches in diameter, is ornamented with the arms of Spain, blazoned in a manner unusual for those of any other country, being divided in tierce: the arms of Arragon occupying the first third of the field, and those of Castille and Leon, quarterly, the remaining two-thirds.

Although they are very much later in date, we may here notice the specimens emanating from the famous manufactory of Buen Retiro, near Madrid, established by King Don Carlos III., in 1759. The eighteenth century was famous for the manufacture of china, which was then commenced, for the most part, under royal auspices. The Dresden jasper ware commences in 1706, the Dresden porcelain in 1715. The Capo di Monte ware in 1730. The Chelsea china dates from 1745. The Soft Sèvres from 1740; while the hard Sèvres porcelain was first produced in 1769. The Buen Retiro porcelain is rare, and its price has augmented with extraordinary rapidity of late years. Two cups, or small vases, with covers of white porcelain, covered with little embossed roses, giving a honeycomb appearance to the articles, are to be seen in the court below, and were purchased at the moderate price of 12s. 6d. A great bargain was secured in the beautiful white biscuit vase, two feet high, with embossed figures, which was purchased for £6 4s. 2d. For a similar vase, with coloured figures, the possessors are now demanding no less than a thousand pounds.

SECTION VII.

There is a species of *connoisseurship*, which bears the same relation to good taste that the writings of the schoolmen occupy with regard to the great works of Aristotle. Originating in the grovelling admiration with which inferior minds regard something incomparably above their reach, these trivial comments grow, and swell, and magnify one another, until they form a dense mass of incrustation which entirely obscures the purity and force of the original text. Thus questions of rarity, of fashion, of price paid at such and such a sale, are apt to assume more importance than the consideration of the intrinsic value of a work of Art. In collecting china the purchaser is in unusual danger of falling under the influence of this spirit of *connoisseurship*.

It is perfectly true that it may be desirable at times to give an exceptionally high price for a single article, which, though of little value as an object of beauty, is calculated to shed light on the history of any obscure branch of Art. M. Brogniart has been guided by this consideration in his arrangement of the admirable Museum of Sèvres. He has there made it a rule to

eschew duplicates, and to be more careful to secure an inferior or damaged article, that would clearly illustrate the progress of manufacture, than to seek for that which would please the eye. In a collection intended to form the artistic taste of an entire people, beauty must be an element of the first moment. But, with this additional motive or guide for purchase, the principles laid down by M. Brogniart ought to regulate the collection of objects for our own Museum of Art.

We think that any newly-installed guardian of the public purse, who might resolve to enforce a sudden economy in pens and sealing wax, and who did not happen to be an amateur collector of Doccia ware, would stand aghast at the prices paid for some of the majolica articles at South Kensington. Prices of £50, of £70, and of £100, for a single earthenware plate, should be certainly only rarely given, and that for unique specimens. The high prices paid for not a few majolica plates, chiefly, it would seem on the sale of the Soulagues collection, and especially for the Gubbio ware, must have tended to raise the market against ourselves, and are barely defensible on any ground but that of the excitement of competition.

The chief strength of the Ceramic Gallery at South Kensington lies in the large and valuable collection of the enamelled earthenware known by the name of majolica. This ware is supposed to have derived its name from the island of Majorca, from which the first specimens of a manufacture established by the Moors in Spain may have been brought to Italy. The manufacture was carried on with activity in central Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and, partially, in the seventeenth. Faenza, Gubbio, Urbino, Sienna, Castel Durante, Pesaro, and other towns, were famous for their manufacture of this pottery, which appears to have been the first that bore the name of Faience, or Faenza ware, which is now applied to all earthenware except *terra-cotta*, stone ware, and porcelain. The iridescent, or "lustre" ware of Gubbio is the most remarkable, being celebrated for the tints which are reflected from its surface. The most graceful figure-drawing may be found in the specimens from Sienna. Extreme freedom of touch was necessary for the decoration of majolica, as the design had to be drawn "*sur le cru*," or on the unbaked glaze, which was put on after the first firing of the pottery; and on which no correction or touching up was possible. Thus the breadth of the Italian touch, added to the grace of designs by the Caracci or even by Raffaele himself, lend a wonderful charm to this ware; although the attraction is generally due to brilliancy and contrast of colour, or to the interest of the story illustrated by the figures, rather than to any perfection in drawing. Instances, however, occur, of great delicacy and beauty of treatment, not only in design but in execution.

Those persons who share the taste which has been prevalent in Italy from the times of the Etruscan potters—although the mode in which it was cultivated varied greatly between their early date and that of the decoration of the houses in Pompeii—will be most attracted by the beautiful examples of majolica in the case of objects from Sienna. The drawing of these figure-subjects is far better than that of the majority of the enamelled ware—a fact which may perhaps be due to an improved method of preparing, or of firing, the enamel, rather than to the skill of the painter. But these well-drawn specimens are among the

cheapest to be found in the collection. They are of the eighteenth century. The beautiful face of a woman, who is represented with two peacocks on a plateau (3,037-'53) with rustic buildings in the background, is dated 1720. The specimen—it is 15 inches in diameter—cost £2 10s. A plaque, representing the Temptation, by F. Campani, of Sienna, was bought for 15s. Some of the earliest purchases for the Museum, at prices which are not stated, are to be found in this Sienna case. The wine-cooler, painted with Cupids at play, with a landscape background (590-'46); the cover to a vase, painted with the subject of Joseph in Egypt, after Raffaele; a vintage scene, a triumph of Galatea, Arion on the dolphin, a group of nymphs tending Pegasus,—lead one to linger with pleasure before the case which contains them.

But if we are guided by the indication of price, we shall be led to consider the majolica of Gubbio to be by far the most valuable portion of the collection. For depth and richness of colour, as well as for the inimitable rainbow lustre, it is, indeed, unrivalled. But the tracery, floriation, arabesque, or other description of geometric pattern, for which this ware is more remarkable than for its figures, seems to have suffered much from the process of firing; if indeed, in the first instance, it was in any way worthy of the rich and gorgeous colours which it displays. The green, orange, and gold lustre on the covered vase (519-'65); the ewer with trefoil lip and scroll handle, painted in geometrical compartments, grounded alternately in blue, orange, and green, from the Soulages collection (836-'65); the plate with a profile of Caesar *en grisaille* on a gold ground, with a border of grotesques lusted with ruby on deep blue (8,908-'63), together with its companion piece; the plate (8,892-'63), lusted in gold and ruby, displaying a shield of arms surrounded with flaming cornucopias and cherubs' heads, on a deep rich blue ground, with the signature of Maestro Giorgio on the back, are among the most admirable specimens of this rare majolica. For the last named, which is 10 inches in diameter, £70 was paid. The two previously mentioned cost £50 each, the diameter being 9 inches. A 12-inch plate, bearing the arms of Urbino, cost £100. A bowl plate, 7½ inches in diameter, was bought for the same sum. It would be interesting to know how much Maestro Giorgio himself received for his work.

In the case of Urbino ware will be chiefly noticed a plateau lent by Her Majesty, displaying a wonderful arabesque harpy with Griffins *en grisaille* on dark blue. A four-spouted vase, adorned with the *palle* of the dei Medici, Joshua routing the Amorites, Venus on a trefoil-shaped tazza, the marriage of Alexander, and the Battle of Constantine, are among the subjects drawn by the artists of the birthplace of Raffaele.

Among the majolices of Castel Durante is to be observed a 14-inch plateau on which Francesco Xanto has represented Olympus. Apollo is in the centre; but a choir of Cupids above appear to have been converted to Christianity, judging from their resemblance to a cloud of cherubs. This work of Xanto cost £80.

In the Durante case may be observed a novel treatment of the very favourite subject of Diana and Actæon. That Greek prototype of Peeping Tom of Coventry is usually represented as a man with a stag's head. The artist of the design now referred to has considered that the process of trans-

formation took place in the contrary direction. A stag is gazing at the goddess, with a human head on his shoulders. The effect is most grotesque. A fine cistern of Urbino or Padua ware, representing the same subject, was purchased at the Soulages sale for £80 (533-'65). Another Paduan plate bears the unusual figure of a camel. A bowl and cover, from Cortelli in the Abruzzi, painted with rude figures after Annibale Caracci, filled in with arabesques, fruit, and foliage, of the seventeenth or early eighteenth century, which was bought at the sale of the Marryatt collection in 1867 for £189, is one of the best painted specimens in the gallery.

The Venetian majolica is remarkable for the large size of the specimens—dishes intended, no doubt, to be heaped with the varied and abundant supplies of fish furnished by the Adriatic. The grey and pale blue of the enamel coincide with the subdued taste for colour of the Venetians, and would serve admirably for the domestic ware of our own country. A curious adaptation of the form of a deeply sunken saucer to give effect to the representation of landscape, is given in 179-'53. A perforated basket, and a plateau with scalloped edges, show the disposition of the designer not to depend for ornamentation on the brush alone. The drug-pots, in every part of the collection, are amazing. No doubt the medicines were much more efficacious when their component parts had to be extracted from these magic receptacles. Throughout Italy at the present day, quaint, grim, or fanciful designs are almost invariably to be found displayed on the formidable vessels that adorn the shelves of the *Farmacista*.*

REPORTS OF SCHOOLS OF ART.

METROPOLITAN.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—An interesting exhibition has been held at 43, Queen Square, Bloomsbury. The female school of Art, established nearly twenty-five years since in connection with the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education at South Kensington, holds an annual local examination for the Queen's medal and other prizes. The pupils keenly compete in the respective classes of elementary drawing, modelling in clay and wax, painting in water-colours, tempera, fresco, and oil, and original designs for decoration and manufactures. The examples of their skill and handiwork were thrown open to the inspection of several hundred visitors, friends of the students, as well as general supporters of the institution, and the collection, in all respects most creditable, afforded unmixed satisfaction. Some of the works exhibited, more especially the flower-groups from nature, and really good geometrical drawing and perspective, stood the test of minute criticism at the hands of competent authorities, and would have done credit to the well-known annual exhibitions of older and more experienced artists. The group of flowers which gained the national bronze medal, an original design for lace, and an elaborate design for ecclesiastical furniture, which carried off the Queen's medal, deserve special notice for the excellence of composition and consummate taste in colouring which characterize them. A bunch of grapes, rewarded with the national gold medal, is a very clever and well-finished production.

PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—The students of this school have formed a class for Art-literature, at the meetings of which essays and lectures are delivered. The plan is exceedingly good and may be made highly beneficial. We have before us a syllabus of the essays, &c., delivered during the three months just passed: the subjects are varied and judiciously chosen.

* To be continued.

HALIFAX.—The annual meeting of the Halifax School of Art was held on the 8th of February. The report which was read by the head-master, Mr. W. H. Stopford, stated a marked improvement in the condition of the school.

LEEDS.—The annual meeting for distribution of prizes to the students of the Leeds School of Arts has taken place. After the reading of the report, which was highly satisfactory, the chairman and Mr. Baines, M.P., addressed the meeting. The latter warmly congratulated Mr. Smith, the head-master, on the success of his labours, and hoped that he would be more successful in future years than he had even hitherto been. After the distribution of the prizes, the usual votes of thanks to the chairman, subscribers, and prize-donors, terminated the proceedings.

SCOTTISH.

EDINBURGH.—The usual meeting has been held for the annual distribution of prizes to the students of the Edinburgh School of Art. Mr. W. Thomas Thomson occupied the chair, and Professor Lyon Playfair, M.P., Sir Wm. Stirling Maxwell, and others, were present. The report gives the number of students who have been under instruction at the Central School in the year 1867-68 as 647. This number shows an increase of 28 students over the number of the preceding year, and is the largest number which has ever attended the school. Both the male department and the female department show an increase, but the largest increase is in the female department. The relative numbers in each are—in the male department, 412 students; in the female department, 235 students.

STIRLING.—The session of the Stirling School terminated in February, when there was a numerous attendance in the Union Hall. Mr. W. F. Collier, LL.D., delivered a lecture on "Puritans and Cavaliers," in the course of which he alluded to the customs and peculiarities of the period, and gave copious extracts from the poets. The chairman said the lectures hitherto had been remarkably well attended. The library was in a very prosperous state, the number of volumes being now about 3,500 in all departments of literature.

IRISH.

DUBLIN.—On the 28th of January the medals and prizes taken during the year 1866 were distributed to the students of the Dublin School of Art, his Excellency Earl Spencer presiding. Mr. G. Woods Maunsell, secretary of the Royal Dublin Society, opened the proceedings by directing the attention of the Lord Lieutenant to the right position taken by the Dublin Schools of Art in the national competition, and he compared the number of national awards taken by the chief Art-schools of the United Kingdom in proportion to the number of students of each. Mr. Maunsell further stated that the Dublin School of Art stood first in proportion to the number of awards, as regarded the number of students, of all the schools in the United Kingdom. Lieut. Col. Adamson, president of the Fine Arts Depot of the Royal Dublin Society, then read the report for the year 1866, from which it appears that the number of students has been 619, showing an increase of 87 over the year 1867. The number of students successful in the local examination in March was 112. Of the works in drawing, painting, and modelling, forwarded to South Kensington in April, 64 works in advanced stages of study were selected to enter the national competition, and eleven national awards were obtained, including one of the two Princess of Wales scholarships. Col. Adamson said that in consequence of the extreme difficulty experienced by the artisan classes of Ireland in visiting the South Kensington Museum, both by reason of the distance and expense, the committee of Fine Arts of the Royal Dublin Society was most anxious that a small museum of Ornamental Art should be established in Dublin, in connection with the School of Art, and also in order to obtain facilities for the training of teachers of Art for schools in Ireland. His Excellency then distributed the prizes to the successful students, whom, with the numerous visitors, he afterwards addressed.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXXXI.—HENRY TIDEY.



OIL-PAINTING is so seductive a branch of Art in its application, is generally considered so elevated in character, and is, as a rule, estimated at so much higher value than any other medium of pictorial representation, that it is rare to find an artist turn from it to devote himself to the more unpretentious, yet not less worthy, practice of water-colour painting. Within the last four or five years the rage for collecting drawings has been so great as to induce many oil-painters to yield to the demand for such works, only, however, to an extent which leaves them time and opportunity for labours more congenial with their tastes and inclinations. The artist whom we now introduce is an example of what we have first indicated, and the Institute of Water-Colour Painters has no more valuable and efficient member than he. His larger works are generally among the *pièces de résistance* of the annual exhibitions.

HENRY TIDEY was born at Worthing, in Sussex, in January, 1814. His father conducted an academy near the town, and in the school the future artist took his first lessons in drawing, in conjunction with his elder brother, Alfred,—afterwards an excellent miniature painter, and a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy,—from a Mrs. Stowers, an amateur in flower-painting. His next preceptor was his father, who was a tolerably good artist, and had painted and published several works—scenes in the neighbourhood of his residence. While quite a boy, his

son Henry painted several pictures for the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, who was then staying at Worthing, where the young artist commenced to practise as a portrait-painter, both in oils and water-colours.

Removing to London, he continued his work in this branch of Art, and, though yet young, he found many patrons of distinction; and, in 1839, he contributed his first picture at the Royal Academy. Among those which followed were portraits of Sir John Dean Paul and his son, Lady Mary H. Williams and daughters, the Countess of Roden, Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, the distinguished Egyptian traveller, General Austin, Sir Henry Fletcher, with numerous others, including Lieutenant-Colonel Pakenham, of the Grenadier Guards, who fell at Inkerman. For the brother of this gallant officer, the Rev. Arthur Pakenham, Mr. Tidey painted a picture, in water-colours, illustrative of Colonel Pakenham's conduct at the battle of the Alma: followed by those under his command, he was the first man who entered, and retained possession of, the famous battery on the height that had previously caused such destruction to our troops. This work was exhibited in the Academy in 1855, and was the first water-colour subject he exhibited. Its success proved the turning-point in the artist's career; henceforth he turned his attention to this branch of Art. We ought, however, to remark that during his practice in oils he painted some *genre* pictures: for example, a pair entitled respectively, 'The Union,' and 'The Repeal of the Union,' now in the possession of Mr. John Margetson, and engraved by S. Bellin; 'Light and Shade of Irish Life,' bought by the late Sir George Goodman; 'Fair-time in the Park, Greenwich;' 'Sunshine and Shade;' and one, perhaps, superior to these, a large composition entitled 'Sea Weeds'—a band of wild Irish girls, half dressed, dancing on the sea-shore. In 1856 Mr. Tidey became a candidate for admission into the



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

THE DREAM.

[Engraved by H. S. Marriott.

then New Water-Colour Society, now the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, and was elected Associate; and in the same year a full member. From that time he has contributed to its gallery, almost without intermission, works of more or less interest; one large picture being generally included in the number. His most important work exhibited in 1858 was 'A Field-Day in the last Century,' a title which, as was remarked

in our columns at the time, would naturally suggest to those who had not seen the picture, "a stiff military array of pipe-clay, hair-powder, and pig-tails, instead of a pleasant illustration of what a picnic might have been about the beginning of the reign of George III." The party have distributed themselves on a grassy slope, and the incidents are of the usual kind of such rural enjoyments. The whole is put together with much artistic

skill; the drawing, breadth, and harmonies of colour being unexceptionable. Moore's "Lalla Rookh" supplied Mr. Tidey with a subject for his principal picture of the next year. "The Feast of Roses," as described in Feramorz's story of the lovers' quarrel. It is a rich composition, almost over-laden with material, but all carried out in a style of true eastern splendour: the scene lies on a terrace overlooking a river, and it is brought forward under two lights—that of the moon, and that of the lamps which illumine the festival. The picture is undoubtedly the result of much thoughtful labour well applied. It was purchased by the Queen, and is now at Osborne. Among the smaller works exhibited at the same time, was one illustrating the well-known old ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo, John," a truthful embodiment of the worthy couple, whose heads, particularly, are admirable studies.

Special honours awaited Mr. Tidey for his large drawing exhibited in 1860, two medals being awarded to him for it: one by the Society for the encouragement for the Fine Arts, the other by the Cornwall Polytechnic Society. The subject is 'QUEEN MAB,' or 'The Dream of Ianthe,' from Shelley's poem; and the scene that wherein the fairy queen summons the soul of the sleeping Ianthe, who lies on a couch; the personal image of the soul is seated in shade behind her, looking at Queen Mab, who has risen in her chariot, and is in the act of waving her wand. The imaginative power of the artist is seen to great advantage in this poetical composition, which is engraved on the preceding page; it shows in no less degree his mastery over the technicalities of water-colour painting. In the same room hung another work of much smaller dimensions, and without a title, save a poetical quotation somewhat explanatory of the subject, an old man seated by the side of a young girl, whose pale, emaciated, yet still beautiful features show the stealthy but sure and near approach of dissolution; she is one to whom the quotation aptly applies:—

"Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould,
like thee."

Such pictures are at all times painful to look upon, and the nearer they are to truth, as is this, the more do they excite sorrowfully the feelings. Of a different kind is another exhibited at the time, suggested by the old Scotch song, "For O she's but a wee thing;" the "wee thing," however, is a pretty full-grown young girl, leaning on a piece of rock in an open landscape; she is dressed in a yellow gown, tucked up at the side, to show her petticoat. The figure is just one of those which are sure to attract by the charm of sweet simplicity and unaffected abandon.

We have often felt surprise that the traditional poems of Ossian have not been more frequently referred to by painters for subjects. There is in them ample materials for pictures of a novel,

though peculiar, kind; one, however, that perhaps would scarcely prove attractive to the many. The artist who ventures upon such uncertain and unusual ground is to be complimented on his independence of thought and action; and when he has succeeded in carrying out both, as Mr. Tidey has done in his 'Dar-Thula,' he is to be congratulated on the success. This picture was among the leading works in the exhibition of the Institute in 1861. The subject represents the death of Dar-Thula on the battle-field, after her lover and his brothers had fallen before the army of Cairbar, his rival. "Dar-Thula stood in silent grief, and beheld their fall. No tear is in her eye. But her look is wildly sad. Pale was her cheek. Her trembling lips broke short an half-formed word.

Her dark hair flew on wind. The gloomy Cairbar came.—'Where is thy lover now? the car-borne chief of Etha?' . . . Her shield fell from Dar-Thula's arm. Her breast of snow appeared. It appeared, but it was stained with blood. An arrow was fixed in her side. She fell on the fallen Nethos, like a wreath of snow! Her hair spreads wide on his face. Their blood is mixing round!" The conception of the incident is fine and dramatic, and is worked out without any effort to produce effect by the pomp of colour, the tone of which is comparatively low, after the manner of our early water-colour painters. To this drawing, which is now the property of the Duke of Manchester, a prize of twenty guineas was awarded by the Glasgow Institute.

In the year following (1862) Mr. Tidey's principal exhibited work was taken from the mediæval history of Spain, and was entitled 'The Last of the Abencerages,' a name given by Spanish chroniclers and romance writers to a noble family in the Moorish kingdom of Granada, several members of whom had distinguished themselves during the period immediately preceding the fall of the Mahomedan power in Spain, in the fifteenth century. The incident in question was borrowed from the writings of Chateaubriand, describing the meeting between Abou-Hamet and Dona Bianca in the garden of the Alambra, that wondrous palace of the old Moorish princes of Granada. It must



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

SUMMER.

[Engraved by R. S. Marriott.]

suffice for us to say that the committee of the Crystal Palace Art-Union awarded a prize of twenty guineas to the artist for this very beautiful and attractive picture.

A commission given by Mr. Francis Fuller to Mr. Tidey, for the purpose of carrying out a project entertained by the former for the publication of a pictorial history of the New Testament, resulted in the production of three of the artist's largest and best pictures. The first, exhibited in 1863, is 'Christ blessing Little Children;' among the juvenile group appear the portraits of three of Mr. Fuller's children. The work was thus noticed in our review of the Institute that year:—"Mr. Tidey has been striving to reach

the highest sphere, and has now well-nigh attained the bent of his ambition. To an old subject he has given a reading which is new, liberal, and yet literal. Christ, a figure of calm nobility, stands with a child nestled in his arms beneath an open portico, the hills of Judah in the distance, and the multitude circling him round about. A hush of expectation, of wonder, and of worship, seems to have laid quiet hands upon the tempting Pharisee, the mother on bended knees, and the simple and innocent children. A Nubian woman, with her swarthy offspring, draws nigh, as if she too might share in a blessing destined to embrace all races and regions of the earth. The costume is not Raphaellesque, but Bedouin; the

drawing is guided by knowledge, the execution broad yet sufficiently detailed, the colour softly harmonious."

The second of these examples of Christian Art, exhibited in the following year, was entitled 'The Night of the Betrayal,' which took the form of a triptych: the first division represents the Garden of Gethsemane, where Jesus finds his disciples sleeping; the second, Christ before Caiaphas; the third, Peter's Denial. In these works Mr. Tidey unquestionably surpassed all his former efforts. The pictures show a feeling for sacred Art which no painter of our own time and school has, in our opinion, surpassed. In the third of the series, 'The Woman of Samaria,' exhibited



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

JEANNIE MORRISON.

[Engraved by R. S. Marriott.

last year, the artist had a subject of so far less interest than the preceding, as to make but a comparatively minor demand on his inventive powers. The picture, however, was one of the great attractions of the gallery; but subscribers will have the opportunity hereafter of seeing this composition, which is in the hands of the engraver for one of our larger plates.

In addition to the works enumerated, Mr. Tidey has exhibited, almost each year, several smaller drawings no less meritorious after their kind. 'JEANNIE MORRISON,' from Motherwell's poem, is one of these: the engraving on this page shows the attractive manner in which the artist has treated a familiar subject. It was painted for Dr. Taylor, of Derby, who may be congratulated on

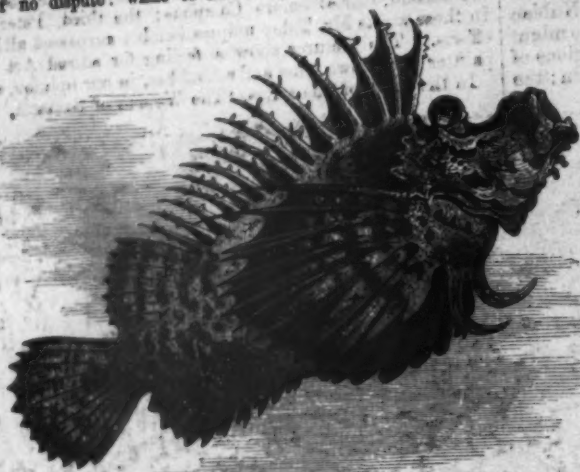
possessing a most pleasing specimen of Mr. Tidey's refined pencil. The drawing was exhibited last year. 'SUMMER,' also engraved here, is one of a series exhibited in 1867, under the title of 'The Seasons;' the personification of the young girl is exceeding graceful, and poetical in treatment. Fanciful in conception, and alluring in manner, are numerous pictures of children, which, under the designation of 'Sensitive Plants,' Mr. Tidey has at various times exhibited; such as 'Sweet William and Mary Gold,' 'Major Convolvulus, and the Canterbury Belle,' and of a similar kind though not borrowed from the floral world, 'Cook-Robin and Jenny Wren,' 'Grub and Butterfly,' &c., &c.

JAMES DAFORNE.

MYSTERIES OF THE OCEAN.*

THAT "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy" of nine out of ten of all mankind is a fact admitting of no dispute: while of the four

elements whereof the natural world is composed, the ocean contains by far the largest proportion of strange, unfamiliar objects. The study of such a subject cannot but afford intense gratification, and the manner in which M. Mangin has studied it out has resulted in one of the most interesting volumes of its



PELOR FILAMENTOSA.

kind that has ever fallen within our reach. Under the respective heads of History of the Ocean, Phenomena of the Ocean, the Marine World, and Man and the Ocean, he has worked out his theme, aided and guided

by other writers in natural history, and by the observation of travellers and voyagers, with the utmost diligence and intelligent description. How much, or how little, the English reader is indebted to the translator, is of minor



SQUATINA, OR ANGEL-FISH.

importance to the former, but we gather from the preface that he has added considerably to

* MYSTERIES OF THE OCEAN. Translated, Edited, and Enlarged from the French of ARTHUR MANGIN by the Translator of "The Bird." With 150 Illustrations by W. Freeman and J. Noel. Published by T. Nelson and Sons.

the original text, rendering it more complete as a survey of the life and history of the ocean, and bringing down the information to the results of the most recent scientific research. The two engravings on this page are examples of the numerous illustrations in the book.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF JAMES ORROCK, ESQ., LEICESTER.

A STORMY SUNSET.

H. Dawson, Painter. W. Chapman, Engraver.

AMONG the landscape-painters whose work have, within the last few years, attracted public attention in our annual exhibitions, is Mr. H. Dawson, whose son, Mr. H. T. Dawson, has somewhat recently made also an appearance which promises well for the future. Both artists have adopted river scenery as, for the most part, their favourite subjects; and very beautiful pictures each has produced from these attractive themes. That now defunct gallery, the British Institution, was Mr. H. Dawson's principal place of exhibition, though at the Royal Academy were hung his 'Marine Sunset,' 'The King's Mill Castle, Donington,' 'Harvest Time on the Ribble, near Preston,' 'Lincoln,' a very fine work, exhibited in 1867; and 'Greenwich Hospital,' equally fine, exhibited last year, but placed almost out of sight.

The first work he sent to the British Institution, in 1853, was 'Dartmouth, from the Castle Churchyard,' which gained our notice by its singularly independent manner; and this quality both of thought and action—a valuable one when exercised judiciously and with knowledge, though it is sometimes apt to degenerate into eccentricity—has characterised all his subsequent productions. Since 1853 Mr. Dawson contributed to the same gallery 'British Bulwarks,' a large picture, probably sketched in one of our great naval harbours, showing a magnificent sunset; 'Rain clearing off,' exhibited in 1857, another large canvas, a wooded river-side scene, the sky a "passage of sublime expression;" 'The New Houses of Parliament,' in 1858; 'Harvest,' in 1861; 'Distant View of Osborne House,' in 1864; 'London from Vauxhall Bridge,' in 1865; and 'On the Trent, near Castle Donington,' in 1867, the last exhibition held at the British Institution.

In some respects it is to be regretted that the majority of these subjects are painted on so large a scale; they are, in fact, only adapted, by their size, for a gallery, and are scarcely suited for the collection of an amateur, unless he has abundant space to exhibit them. Moreover, the subjects themselves scarcely demand, as a rule, such vast dimensions. On the other hand, the magnitude of the canvas gives the painter the opportunity of displaying powers which a more limited field would not, for it is much easier to concentrate the interest of a composition within a small space than to expand it over a large surface; and it cannot be denied that Mr. Dawson succeeds in effecting the latter object with undoubted success.

His picture 'A Stormy Sunset,' is a small work, exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1867. In it, as in his larger compositions oftentimes, the sky is the principal feature. Mr. Dawson studies the region of clouds in its grandest aspects, and we have here a glorious representation, both in form and colour. The locality is purely imaginary; the mouth of an English river, with a fisherman's village clustered beneath overhanging hills: it is a very successfully finished work, and may be accepted as a good example of the artist's peculiar style and manner.



H. DAWSON, PICT.

W. CHAPMAN, SCULPT.

A STORMY SUNSET.

LONDON: VIRTUE & CO.



THE "RAPPORTS
DU JURY INTERNATIONAL"
ON THE
EXHIBITION OF 1867.

THIS work, voluminous and vast, in thirteen thick large octavos, is one of prodigious import. It undertakes to sum up the merits, general and distinctive, of the contributions to the last and greatest of the four London and Parisian Exhibitions since 1851. Upon all that went to make up the ten classified groups thereof, the respective juries had studiously, and with most enlightened faculty, to examine, and dispassionately to adjudge. Surely a more responsible—in some instances painfully responsible—duty could not readily have been undertaken than this; so much was there of antagonistic emulation amongst the exhibitors, either widely or partially.

Each group furnished to the International Jury and to a specially-selected reporter (*rapporteur*) subject-matter for luminous reviews of the past, present, or prospective development of the enterprise, to which, be it important or otherwise, it had reference. The reports are, consequently, of redundant interest; their combination is encyclopaedic. They are preceded by a long and, need we add, most luminous introduction, by the zealous apostle of free trade in France, Monsieur Chevalier.

Having taken this general glance, we have no occasion to invite our readers to stray amid the wilderness of topics which form, in detail, the contents of this pretentious record. Sufficient for us be it to confine our attention to that one whereof some special note may be expected on our part, viz., how the British gallery of Fine Arts fared in passing through this ordeal of judgment; and herein we apprehend that no very agreeable task awaits us.

We cannot avoid setting out with the following emphatic remark, viz., that in this international concurrence, it was not by any means expedient to commit to a single deputy, and that one of France, the function of passing sentence on a British gallery of paintings. We mean no invidious imputation in this instance; but there is such a thing as a mind honest, albeit unsound, and insensibly warped by prepossessions. Now, it is an established creed among French artists and their critics, that they are not only far the first school in Europe, but almost the only one; that all others have succumbed to their omnipotent influence and been absorbed in their predominance. There is one exception, however, to this humiliation, and that is admitted to be, in that British school, so long ignored, and whose existence was only made known to the Seine in the year 1855.

These facts alone should have vetoed the con- signment of the critical *rapport*, on the English Fine Art collection, to the tender mercies of an individual Frenchman—to Monsieur Chesneau, editor of the *Constitutionnel*. It should, if justice were looked for, have been entrusted to two or three parties, of whom one alone should have been French.

This becomes markedly evident upon the face of the *rapport* before us. It opens as follows:—

"One has but to make the round of the foreign galleries in the Champ de Mars to arrive at the conviction of a general tendency towards a declension in national individuality, in the schools. Marked, though they may be, with a thousand distinctive traits of talent, all draw nearer, more or less, to the school of France, and lose themselves in it."

A faith like this should flash with pride the heart of every Frenchman, and, should there be, in one specific quarter, the untoward independence of an exception, it is but too natural to poor human nature that its pretensions should be subjected, in the dominant dispensations, to an ordeal more exacting than that of fire. Therefore, we repeat, the assertion, that an individual Frenchman should not have been subjected to the invidious and over-trying task of passing dispassionate judgment upon the gallery of British Art.

That the proposition set down so sweepingly by the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, respecting

the absorption, on the Continent, of all national speciality of school by the French, is a fond delusion, seems to us to be palpable enough. We do not affect to question the fact, that, in France, a much greater Art-action is in pulsation than in any other country in Europe—that therein she is metropolitan.

It must also be admitted, that, whether it be for schooling or through the expediency of effecting a settlement in so great a central mart, very many young artists, from every part of Europe, throw their fortunes into Paris and become thoroughly French in Art; but does it, by any means, follow, that in their native capitals an unwarped nationality should be therefore blighted and absorbed? If that were due cause and consequence, then, even the marvellous independence of a British school becomes at once a myth, inasmuch as several British names of students and pupils, in the annual exhibition catalogues, indicate many such affiliations to the Gallic soil.

Nor should we, we confess, on making a circuit of the various exhibition-galleries of '67, have been struck with the impression, which affected Monsieur Le Rapporteur, of a pervading Gallicism. Our conclusions were wholly different. In fact, we found marked idiosyncrasies combined with, doubtless, some common quality. Should we, by any perversion of vision, have found France with Kaulbach—or, in Belgium, with Lays—or, in Holland, with Alma-Tadema—in Spain, with Madrazo—or, in Russia, with Flavitaky—to pass over minor names?

Having a totally different faith, it seems, M. Chesneau thus entered upon his task.

"The first apparition of English artists to the Continent, took place at the Palace of the Avenue de Montaigne, in the year 1855. Then was revealed to the European public an art—a school—of which the existence had not been suspected."

"Whether it was the result of an unanticipated novelty, or simply the impression of superiority more or less forcible, certain it is, that our neighbours across the Channel, so unprized, up to that period, achieved, among us, a very great success, which we shall have occasion to explain—a sort of vogue, of which all of us retain a lively recollection. Twelve years have elapsed since 1855; we have had time to recover from our first surprise; circumstances are favourable for an equitable appreciation of the United Kingdom's painters, apart from which, we are too much beholden to them, for the first emotions of which they were the cause, not to subject them to a congenial study."

We too have a clear reminiscence of the time and the incidents alluded to, but unfortunately our impressions of the tone of French criticism on the occasion are not at all in accordance with those so piquantly designated. Abundance of surprise figured in it, beyond doubt; but, for the most part, subtly commingled with sarcasm. Doubtless Monsieur Le Rapporteur was one of those who in the '55 were so bewildered into that very vogue of admiration for the newly-discovered vein of art. Twelve years of reconsideration have recovered him marvelously from his illusion, as may be conceived from his present prolusion, in which action and reaction of opinion are admirably illustrated. His congenial or sympathetic mode of viewing the *quandam* favourite, is thus vividly illustrated.

"It must be confessed," he notes, "that, to eyes familiarised with the deepening moderation of tone in our (French) school of painting, and moreover with the harmonious pencilling of those masters whose *chefs-d'œuvre* furnish our museums, the aspect of the British gallery, on one's first entry therein, conveys impressions more unexpected and startling than agreeable."

"While this gallery is organised for quietude itself—for the facile elimination of the noise of crowds—on the other hand, in singular contrast, the paintings with which it is replenished, are, for the most part, violent and exaggerated in tone. For ourselves, we experience an infliction in sustaining so lofty a diapason of colour."

Is not this a singular change from the fond fancies of the olden time, twelve years since?

With something of restored nerves, M. Le Rapporteur proceeds:—

"Slowly relieved from, or, rather braving, this shock, we decide to study these pictures more closely, and again, influenced by our theories of Art, we are shocked by the absence of composition. Here there is no centre of interest; the main incident lost in a deluge of accessories, and detail figures cut off at shoulder height, by the frame foliage and a thousand daring expedients, which we can but contemplate as enormous absurdities. Evident it is, indeed, that we are in presence of a foreign Art; on that point there can here be no misapprehension, such as might occur in the majority of other foreign galleries, where promonitory intimation could alone enable you to detect nationality. Here, it not alone flashes upon one's eyes that these pictures are not French pictures; but, still more, they proclaim their British genealogy. All their themes are English; their characters are exclusively of English type; the cloth they wear is English; the glass from which they drink, the knife of which they make use, the furniture near which they are posed, all is of English manufacture; all is local, a speciality of the soil, of the insular genius of Great Britain. Our neighbours are beyond reclaim in this respect. Their public galleries of recent creation and their private collections, the finest in the world, are further enriched, every day, with the choicest masterpieces of old Continental schools, to no purpose—without, in the slightest degree, correcting this singularity in their own works. Their *ateliers* seemed to be enclosed within a section of the great wall of China. They restore, but in the wrong way, the Continental blockade. They forbid the intrusion of European Art. English they are, and English they determine to remain."

Our readers will remark the *unreserved* emphasis with which, this charge of nationality in theme and treatment, is set forth. Could it then be believed, that the picture selected by the jury for the first honours in the British gallery on this occasion, had for subject, the not English, but *piquante* Spanish scene, Mr. Calderon's 'Her Most High, Noble, and Puissant Grace,' secondly, that Mr. Leighton's refined and admirably treated subject 'Les Fiancées de Syracuse' occupied, with its large canvas, a most conspicuous place near the other; and, thirdly, to proceed no further, that Mr. Poole's masterly imaginative canvas 'The Song of Philomela on the Shore of the beautiful Lake,' and his 'Subject of Pompeii,' were also there to fix the attention of any ordinarily-observant visitor.

How Monsieur Le Rapporteur's unreserved assertions and these facts can be reconciled, we leave it to the *Jury International*, which he represents, to decide.

But, in point of fact, is not the charge itself, set forth as it is here with such glaring exaggeration, altogether unsustainable by the history of Art? Were not the majority of the great old Dutch and Flemish painters wholly Dutch and Flemish? We only know them in that garb. The very landscape of Hobbema is, in its wood and homestead and dead level, ever Dutch. The fields, the stout cavaliers on sturdy cobs, the boors, and the cows of Cuyper are perennially the same. Turn we to Spain, and we bless Murillo that he was the true Iberian, from his Madonna ascending to heaven to his *muchacho* bright brown beggar, and the refined Velasquez found brotherhood with his proud Hidalgo, of *sombrero, capa*, and true Toledo-point-device.

After such unpromising preliminaries, the Rapporteur proceeds to illustrate what might be laid down as his text—"English Art is, in its essence, the antipodes of ours." But in what does the *essence* of his criticism consist—simply a tract upon the Pre-Raphaelite—the transitory Pre-Raphaelite schism in the British school. This was wholly supererogatory, inasmuch as that pseudo-reformatory system was but moderately illustrated in this collection; inasmuch further, as we are told that Mr. Millais is wholly changed from the Millais of 1855, and that "he seems to have lost faith" in his young creed; and finally, inasmuch as we are given to know that the fraternity is dissolved and its dream at an end.

"They form," he observes, "a school within a school, or rather they did form; for to this fellowship of painters has happened what comes to pass with all convivial reunions. For a moment they were combined in a common creed. With faith ardent, fresh, and sincere, they formed themselves into a small but intolerant church, led by an exalted and ardent individual, impassioned to violence, who devoted his person, his fortune, and a pen singularly eloquent to the renovation of Art within the circle of his influence. All this ardent excitement is extinct, and the members of this strange communion are dispersed. What incidents have led to this dissolution? Doubtless the course of human events, with its ever-accompanying concourse of deceptions."

If this were so, why then a prolonged analytical disquisition on the defunct "small church"? How was it *ad rem*? Shall we be compelled to conclude that the theme was thus largely entertained, because it was felt to supply a plenary matter for salutary reproof and castigation? But was M. Le Rapporteur quite justified in associating Sir Noel Paton with the Pre-Raphaelites? We are much mistaken if that artist would permit his 'Oberon and Titania' to be recalled from the Exhibition of 1865 in order to bear evidence against him, on such a charge. Much less would he allow it to be in any degree affixed to his touching subject of the 'In Memoriam,' so broadly was it treated in all respects. We doubt much also whether Mr. Linnell and Mr. Charles Lewis will acquiesce in a gratuitous dispensation, which places them in a Pre-Raphaelite class of landscape-painters, who, with soulless patience, elaborate an "unreal mockery" of nature.

In the notice, in this *Rapport*, of the general school and individual productions of the British artists who contributed to this Exhibition, there is but little, and of that little a minimum that is satisfactory. In our works of the class *genre*, a sweeping exception is taken to the illustration of what may be styled anecdotal subjects—riddles not to be read except with the aid of an explanatory catalogue. Generalisation, it appears, should ever guide the composition of such themes. But while the British artists neglect this essential rule, their demerits are completed by their total want of either originality of conception or special style of treatment. We give this in the original.

"Si nos voisins s'écartent ainsi des conditions essentielles dans les compositions de cette nature, ils ont aussi un autre tort grave, celui de ne révéler aucune originalité de conception ou de facture qui leur soit propre."

Thus, after all that has been said about the special idiosyncrasy of English Art, it is discovered, in this popular quarter at all events, to be devoid of "aucune originalité de conception ou de facture."

"Scarcely," adds the critic, "may the works of Landseer, Wells, Grant, and J. Lewis be noticed as possessing even a tendency to present exception to this rule!"

Then, again, historic painting has but poor representatives in England. The Pre-Raphaelite efforts in this quarter are so infelicitous as to discourage any movement of the kind in that direction—while in the more independent class, conceptions prevail, which resolve themselves into a "pot pourri de tous les styles, de tous les maîtres amalgamant, en mosaïque, Poussin, Le Sueur, Le Guide, Titien, Raphaël—i. e. a confused compound of all styles and masters—a mosaic amalgam of Poussin, Le Sueur, Guido, Titian and Raphael.

How the official Rapporteur can reconcile this ludicrous compound with that jealous originality of thought and deed, with which he has, in the first instance, stigmatized the British painters, it is for him to show. It is a rebus which we cannot affect to read.

Before concluding our brief review of this very singular and sickening valuation of British Art, let us answer one observation of the writer which seems to give him uneasiness. He emphatically takes occasion to remark, that the English "have not adopted the custom observed by so many other foreigners, of sending their paintings to the annual *Salon* exhibitions of Paris. Can he be innocently ignorant of the

cause of this default? It is not very many years since the pictures of French artists were as little familiarised to London. They are now established in a very perennial stream of supply. In this he will find the simplest response to his remark. It is merely a question of "market," nothing more. London is at a very considerable percentage higher, as a place of sale for pictures, than is the French capital. Here is no romance of preference—merely a consideration of hard cash. That is the bright particular star which guides the French artist to us. Were there one similar and equally potent in the Continental sphere, it would, there is little doubt, win our stubborn Saxon (for we now learn that race has something serious to account for in these matters) to transmit their canvases upon frequent Parisian pilgrimages, thus, peradventure, interchanging educational varieties. But that day has not yet arrived. In the meantime, we neither expect nor fear that the continuously-established introduction of the French element into the Art arena of London will have any detrimental effect upon that native vein so much depreciated by the French Rapporteur. We confess to have some trust in a school that has produced in our own time such names as those of Lawrence, Turner, Wilkie, Callcott, Hilton, Constable, Etty, Danby, Mulready, and Leslie. To what collection in Europe would not the masterpieces of these painters be gems of price?

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

BERLIN.—The ancient statue of the Wounded Amazon, discovered somewhat recently in the vicinity of Rome, is reported to have been purchased for the Berlin Museum at the price of £660. It stands eight feet in height, and is sculptured in Athenian marble. The Museum has already received, and is about to receive, numerous valuable additions of pictures and sculptures by modern German artists: among the former, are named five cartoons by Rethel, and two by Kaulbach; and among the latter, some works by Rauch.

HAVRE.—The recent International Exhibition appears to have turned out a failure, so far as concerns pecuniary results. The deficiency is estimated at £3,800, not including the utilisable portion of the Aquarium, valued at £400. The municipality of Havre has been asked for a supplementary grant of £2000, and the Minister of Commerce has semi-officially promised a sum, about £800, it is said, to help in discharging the liabilities.

MUNICH.—The distinguished sculptor Wichmann has just completed his model for the statue of Goethe, which is to be cast in bronze, and is expected to be ready for inauguration by the end of August.

NAPLES.—The Neapolitan journals deplore in strong terms the injury done, by the work of restoration ordered by the Italian Government, to the magnificent frescoes, twenty in number, painted by Antonio Solario in the cloisters of the convent of Sta. Severino, about the early part of the fifteenth century. The subjects of these pictures are events in the life of St. Benedict.

PARIS.—Marble busts of the following Royal Personages have recently been placed in the galleries of the Hotel de Ville, by order of the *Préfet* of the Seine: Queen Victoria, the late Prince Consort, Emperor of Russia, King of Prussia, King and Queen of Belgium, King of Bavaria, and the Sultan.—M. Gérôme has received from the Emperor of Russia the decoration of the order of the Red Eagle of the third class.

POMPEII.—Two marble busts have recently been discovered among the ruins of this famous city: one is reported to be a bust of Pompey, the other that of Brutus: both are said to be of fine execution. They have been placed in the National Museum.

VIENNA.—The Academy of Fine Arts has elected the following French artists honorary members:—H. Dupont, engraver; Cogniet, Gérôme, Meissonier, Robert Fleury, painters; Guillaume, sculptor; Duban, Boswilvald, Ballu, and Viollet-Le-Duc, architects.

EMAUX CLOISONNÉS.

SUEN is the name given to an ancient and elegant Art which has been revived in Paris with the most successful results, and which, to translate the designation literally, we may call *partitioned enamel*. The appellation is significant as describing an Art different from that we know as depending on the conditions of painting in vitreous pigments, and then subjecting the designs to the action of fire. The specimens of this Art of which we now speak, are exhibited by Messrs. Le Roy et Fils, 211, Regent Street, the London agents of the manufacturer, M. F. MARTZ, of Paris, and are exemplified as snuff boxes, bonbonnières, lockets, bracelets, earrings, sleeve-links, studs, ornamental pins, &c.; the Art in short is applicable to a long list of articles of ornament and luxury. This kind of enamel is, undoubtedly, known to a proportion of our readers to whom the curiosities of our own and foreign museums are familiar; but in comparison with those shown by Messrs. Le Roy, the ancient examples we have seen are rude in execution. To describe simply the appearance of these works, we may refer to a locket bearing a design composed of a sprig on which are three flowers with an accompaniment of leaves and a bird. Every leaf and object forming the composition is banded by a thread of gold, so delicate as to excite surprise as to the manner of its application in the work. There are sleeve buttons of the size of a half-a-crown: on one of these the design is a couple of birds about to settle in some long grass and tangled herbage; and perhaps the precision of what we may call the drawing of these birds and grass, as defined by the exquisitely thin threads of gold, presents a triumph of the Art. These works have been suggested by the enamels of the Japanese, who have long excelled in this branch of industry. The colours they employ, and which have been successfully imitated by M. Martz, are of great variety; and their reds, violets, turquoise blues, are extremely difficult to produce.

To persons at all acquainted with the practice of enamelling, the skeleton of a partitioned design explains at once the process, which is curious and interesting. This skeleton, or framework, shows the composition as it is proposed to be executed; which means, in fact, filled up with the different colours and submitted to the fire. This minute and inconceivably delicate reticulation of a band of gold, or, indeed, of any other metal, is analogous to an ornamental work of wrought-iron. When the design is perfect, and all the objects *partitioned*, or outlined, it is fixed by means of gum on a plate of metal, copper, or silver, the edges of which are slightly turned up. The different divisions are then filled, by the aid of a small spatula, with the enamel paste of the different prescribed colours, after which it is submitted to the furnace. In the management of the firing, great skill and much experience are necessary. If, for instance, coloured glass be used, the different colours are fusible at different degrees of heat. Thus it will be necessary to place first in the furnace those which require to be submitted the longest to the fire; and in the second firing, those that yield to a shorter exposure; and so on, until at last those colours are filled in on which the fire acts almost immediately. On removal from the furnace, the surface is unequal, and is disfigured by air bubbles and other accidents to which these works are subject in the firing; but all these defects are remedied by subsequent finish, that leaves the work with polish and delicacy of surface equal to those of a gem. The designs are commonly executed on a flat surface, but for some the surface is necessarily rounded or raised, as for lockets, in which case the method of proceeding is different with respect to the *cloison*, or metal design. M. Martz has the reputation of being the earliest cultivator of this branch of industry. In the works, however, exhibited by Messrs. Le Roy we find designs and fancies of the most exquisite invention worked out with a beauty of execution to which the ample mechanical resources of our day contribute.

ANCIENT ROME.

WHILE British enterprise and antiquarian zeal are busily at work among the ruins of the cradle of Christianity, Jerusalem, the same spirit is similarly occupied in investigating the ruins of the famous city of antiquity whose rulers and people were the most hostile opposers and persecutors of the earliest Christian Church. The British Archaeological Society of Rome, to which allusion has heretofore been made in our pages, has sent us its report for the past year. What it has accomplished may be gathered from the statement made by Mr. Parker, the treasurer of the society and its indefatigable promoter, at a meeting held at the British Consulate, Rome, on the 30th of December, presided over by the Hon. H. Walpole:—

"The exact site of the Porta Capena had long been a matter of dispute; volumes of learned dissertations have been written on the subject, but no one had hit upon the real site. Some antiquaries, the last of whom was Canina, had come near to it, but their nearest point was a hundred yards to the south of the actual site. The real site—that is, the line where the Wall of Servius Tullius crosses the valley from the Coelian to the Aventine—was first pointed out by Mr. Parker two years ago, but neither the Roman nor the German archaeologists would agree to it. Yet in this exact line it has now been found. Drawings and plans were shown to the meeting exhibiting the actual sill of the gate with the raised footpaths on each side of it and the pavement of the Via Appia between them, at the depth of nearly thirty feet from the surface. One of the square towers of Servius Tullius, by the side of the gate, was also found, and drawings of it were shown. This part of the 'Wall of the Kings' has also been excavated, in three other places, and two of them are now left open for inspection. In these a person may stand upon the wall of tufa and see the arcades of two aqueducts, one on either side, abutting against the wall. Mr. F. Gori, who was employed by Mr. Parker to superintend the works in his absence during the summer months, went down to Pompeii to compare the principal gate of that city with the principal gate of Rome. He found them exactly the same in every respect. The width of the road is only eight feet in both instances, and this is in accordance with the law of the Twelve Tables.

"The aqueduct of Trajan was carried on the same line as the older aqueduct across the valley, and the tall brick piers to carry the lofty arcade rest upon the 'Wall of the Kings.' Several of these piers remain in their places in a mutilated state, and they were what first guided Mr. Parker to fix on this line.

"One of the reservoirs of Trajan on the cliff of the Coelian was excavated and is left open; it is at one end of the lofty arcade; at the other end Trajan built another reservoir on the site of the Piscina Publica, a portion of which has also been excavated, sufficient to show the cemented sides, the certain sign of an aqueduct or reservoir. One of the seven chambers only has been excavated; the others being all similar it would have been useless expense to do more. This is left open for inspection. Various other particulars respecting the buildings in the first locality called after the Porta Capena were given by Mr. Parker, the site of which may now be fixed with probability. The idea of the Roman antiquaries that the Porta Capena was at the junction of the Via Latina with the Via Appia near the church of S. Cesareo, and that this road extended outside of the walls, is now shown to be erroneous.

"Other important results of the researches of the first season of the society have been the discovery of the principal chambers of the Mamertine Prison, the Lupercal of Augustus, and the original entrance to the mausoleum of Augustus; the source and the mouth of the Aqua Appia, and part of the course of the conduit or *specus*; the line of the wall of Servius Tullius, and the site of the Porta Collina and Porta Trigemina, and the probable sites of the other gates, as well as the Porta Capena. Also the evidence that the Mount of Tarquinius

Superbus was parallel to that of Servius Tullius, but at some distance from it on higher ground, forming a boundary wall to Rome; and on this Agger first the aqueducts, and then the wall of the Empire called after Aurelian, were built. The Porta Esquilina of Frontinus, where, as he says, most of the aqueducts entered Rome, can be no other than the Porta Maggiore; the Porta Viminalis of Frontinus, the Porta di S. Lorenzo. This is proved by the remains of the reservoirs just inside of the Porta Maggiore, and the line of the aqueducts along the high bank of Tarquinius Superbus from one gate to the other; some of them passing underground at first, and emerging just before arriving at the latter gate, and then carried on an arcade exactly as described by Frontinus. Two gates in the outer wall have been examined to show that they are earlier than the time of Aurelian—the interior of the Porta Chiusa and the exterior of the Porta Lateranensis; and it was seen that each had an ancient road leading from it. Other gates are evidently also of the first century. The doorway of a temple of the time of Hadrian has also been excavated on the south side of the Church of SS. Cosmas and Damian, on the east wall of which the marble plan of Rome was placed. This is believed to have been the *Templum Urbis Romæ*, contrary to the opinion of the Roman and German antiquaries, who maintain that it was on the site of S. Francesca Romana."

Subsequent information reports that the excavations are going on steadily; during the month of January another pit was dug on the line of the wall of Servius Tullius, between the Coelian and the Aventine; another part of the wall and of the aqueducts by the side of it was exposed to view, and is left open for the present, but probably not for long. Another pit has been dug in the Circus Maximus, and a part of one of the galleries, with a staircase to it, has been brought to light; only the rough stone foundation remains, all the cut stone has been carried away. This pit has been filled up again, but the surface of the stone is left exposed to view. Another excavation has been made in the sand on the bank of the Tiber, showing considerably more of the Tufa wall, called "the Pulchrum Littus of the Kings," than was visible before. This is at a place called "Porta Leone," and is exactly opposite to the lions' heads of Etruscan character, carved on large stone corbels in the cliff on the opposite side of the river, at the upper end of the Port of Rome. The excavations made by the Baron Visconti are at the lower end of the Port. It is not probable that it went much below the Emporium. The lions' heads were discovered by Mr. Parker two or three years since.

The proceedings of the society have attracted a good deal of attention, and have already excited some emulation. The Corporation of Rome has voted £600 for carrying on the investigations of the Mamertine Prison in the channel commenced by the society. Three of the Roman Princes have combined for the same object, and have commenced excavating another part of the wall of Servius Tullius, near the Railway Station. It is to be hoped that these proceedings will be as well directed as those of the British Society have been. Hitherto every object that they have sought for they have found, and they have already thrown considerable light on several vexed questions in the historical topography of Rome, especially the true site of the Porta Capena, the principal chambers of the Mamertine Prison, the Lupercal of Augustus, and several Castella Aquarum, or reservoirs of the aqueducts, previously unknown; also the source of the Aqua Appia and Aqua Virgo, and the line of their subterranean conduits, or *specus*, to a considerable extent.

The British Archaeological Society established in Rome appeals, not only to our own countrymen, but to the antiquarians and others of all lands, for pecuniary assistance to enable it to continue the excavations. The object is one of deep interest to many individuals—to the classical student especially.

"Many passages in the classical authors also can only be explained by a more careful examination of the topography of Ancient Rome than has ever yet been made. The excavations began

in 1868, by the help of the Exploration Fund, which is distinct from the general fund of the Archaeological Society, are the first that have ever been made in Rome for purely historical purposes; hitherto the object has always been to find precious works of Art. Accidentally such excavations have assisted greatly in the study of the ancient topography, but when they are undertaken with that express object much greater results may be expected. Those obtained during the first season show what may be done, as will be seen by the accounts."

"The excavations are still going on; the subscription is an annual one, open alike to all nations, although chiefly supported by the British Society, who are the treasurers and trustees of the fund, and who necessarily take the active management of it."

We may add that numerous photographs of the excavations have been taken, and may be seen at the Bodleian Library, Oxford; at the South Kensington Museum; and also at Mr. J. Parker's, 377, Strand, where they may be obtained. Messrs. Coutts and Co. are authorised to receive subscriptions for the fund.

Some of our readers may remember that the late Mr. Rippingille, the painter, who long resided in Rome, entertained the idea of dredging the Tiber for lost treasures of Art, and made some effort to carry out a plan for the purpose. The idea is worthy of consideration, for there can be little doubt of much being recovered that would well repay the money invested in the undertaking, to say nothing of the benefits accruing to Art.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. R. T. Ross and Mr. Hugh Cameron were elected members of the Royal Scottish Academy on the 10th of February, in room of the late Mr. John Steevens and Mr. W. B. Johnstone. Respected Associates of the Academy, very able and modest artists, both gentlemen have richly and deservedly won the honour of Academician against the popular choice of certain younger but unequal artists; but we think the Academy has erred in neglecting now to recognise that popular and distinguished School of Scottish Artists, represented by M^r Whitter, M^r Taggart, Halswelle, &c., and in still ignoring the claims of our very first landscape-painter.

JEDBURGH.—The regeneration of Scotch Border architecture is to be worthily begun by the restoration of the venerable abbey of Jedburgh, the most perfect and beautiful example of the Saxon and early Gothic in Scotland. The events of eight centuries have destroyed the chapter-house, cloisters, and other appendages, and nothing now remains but the church; but the heritors have resolved to spend £4,200 in restorations, which will raise the roof of the abbey to the original height, and restore the great west window, St. Catherine Wheel, and the clerestory. We trust this is now but the first of the spirited endeavours to restore and guard the invaluable piles which remain to adorn the Scotch Border, and thereby to commemorate the genius and spirit of our ancestors.

CHESTERFIELD.—A portrait of Mr. Charles Binns has recently been presented to him by a number of friends, in acknowledgment of his long and valuable services in promoting the trade of the district and the welfare of the colliery population. The picture is painted by D. Macnee, R.S.A.

DERBY.—A committee has been formed, under the presidency of the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., for the purpose of getting up an Art and Industrial Exhibition, to be held at the Drill Hall, Derby, in the autumn. It will include loans of paintings, sculpture, and other works of art; portraits and works of Derbyshire worthies; the fictile, textile, and other arts of Derbyshire; and the archaeology, the geology, the mineralogy, the natural history, and the arts and manufactures of the county. Mr. William Bomrose, jun., of Derby, is the hon. sec. of the Fine Arts Committee.

NEW BRIGHTON.—Through the munificence of a lady residing in this favourite resort of the wealthy merchants of Liverpool and Birkenhead, a beautiful stained-glass window, in three compartments, has been placed in the chancel of St. James's Church. The compartments collectively represent but one subject, the 'Ascension of Christ.' In the centre, the Saviour is seen surrounded by hosts of angels, and below him are the Apostles. In the upper part of the window angels are announcing the fact of Christ's second coming. The whole design, judging from a photograph now before us, is good, correct in drawing, and skilfully grouped. It is the work of Mr. Canny, of Smethwick, near Birmingham.

ORIENTAL CHINA.

When will those who prepare exhibitions learn that nothing can be properly seen that is not clearly and distinctly labelled? It would be an admirable service rendered to the public, if all journals and periodicals would agree to pass *sub silentio* among collections of paintings, sculpture, pottery, or other articles, in which this obvious duty is neglected. When we accepted the courteous invitation of the members of the Burlington Fine Arts Club to see the very fine specimens of Oriental china now collected in their rooms, we did not forget to take a notebook. A conspicuous bit of paper was adjacent to each of the larger articles; but all the information which it displayed was the name of the owner, a matter of great interest no doubt to the fortunate individual, and of great utility to the persons who may be employed to pack the china when the exhibition was closed, but of less importance to any one else. It is impossible to give a *résumé* of a collection which is thus left without a godfather, for two reasons:—The first is the time that would be consumed in performing the duty of the exhibitors, that is, in describing the objects which they exhibit; the second is the risk that a judgment formed merely at first sight, like that which one is apt to pass upon a stranger from the expression of his countenance, might be rectified by some more detailed knowledge of the circumstances of the case. Thus in the really remarkable collection at 177, Piccadilly, there are few articles that do not appear to bear on their face the stamp of respectable, or even venerable age. Yet we know the wonderful skill of the Chinese in counterfeiting. Forgeries a century old of far earlier forms of ware, are not unusual. It happened that within an hour or two of visiting the rooms of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, we had occasion to walk over the shop and ware-rooms of the largest English manufacturer, and importer of Oriental china—we mean manufactured in China, and not in Worcestershire—in London, Mr. Hewett, of King William Street. The greater part of his large display is of modern origin, made, mostly, to his own order. There are many reproductions of old pictures. Not a hundred years ago this warehouse was visited by some gentlemen learned in pottery, one of whom, in fact, has probably laid out more money on the purchase of articles of earthenware than any other person in the country. They examined some china of a watery blue pattern. Out came the magnifying glass, applied to the under side of the plate, "Ha!" says the authority, "I thought so—Ming dynasty." The proprietor wisely said nothing.

Nothing, that is, while the connoisseurs were present. But when they had left, his remark was similar to that of Edie Ochiltree in the Antiquary,—"Pretorian here, pretorian there, I mind the bigging of it." With a merry twinkle of his black eye, he said, "Ming dynasty! It was made by my workmen last year."

We do not insinuate, or believe, that there is any of the Ming dynasty ware of 1868 to be seen at 177, Piccadilly. And we owe the honourable testimony to Mr. Virtue Tebbs that he alone, of the exhibitors, has placed tickets among his articles which, though not descriptive labels, tell the period to which their manufacture is attributed. We hope our remarks may lead to some detailed record of the contents of a very fine collection of china.

SOUTH LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

THE third annual exhibition of works "by working men" was opened on the first of March at the Hall in Westminster Bridge Road. The ceremony was attended by two Ministers of State, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, and the Right Hon. A. H. Layard, and other distinguished guests—the president, Samuel Morley, Esq., M.P., being in the chair.

The Rev. G. M. Murphy, one of the honorary secretaries, read a report, in which it was set forth that the results in a pecuniary sense of the exhibitions of 1864 and 1865, and the probability of a similar success in the case of the display now being given, had induced the committee to believe that the formation of a guarantee fund was unnecessary. The exhibition would be open on the first four week days from 12 to 4 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m.; on Fridays there would be only an evening opening; and on Saturdays the hours during which admission could be obtained would be from 2 till 10 p.m. The adjudicators had awarded a prize of £5 for the best design for medal to Miss Marian B. Brook, and a prize of two guineas for the best design for a certificate to Miss Helen J. Arundel Miles. When the paragraph containing these announcements had been read, Miss Brook proceeded to the front of the platform and received her prize from the hands of the chairman amid warm applause. The report continued to state that the Board of Trade, having certified that the exhibition was calculated to promote Science and Art, had given protection to inventions and improvements exhibited, under the Industrial Exhibition Act of 1864, till the close of the exhibition on March 20.

On the whole, the exhibition is not satisfactory; it shows little or no improvement; perhaps, indeed, it is not so good as those that have preceded it. We may not judge it, however, by ordinary rules. The productions shown are for the most part those of "hard-handed men," whose labours all day long give them little leisure for study; who are, in the strictest sense self-taught; and who, at all events, look for no profit from their toil.

It demands sympathy and encouragement on other grounds: the home produce keeps the workman at home, at his own fire-side, "in the bosom of his family," and his own pictures cheer and adorn his own parlour walls. He is thus kept from company, useless or deleterious, and his children may, and probably will, in more ways than one, profit by his leisure hours. It is thus a very gratifying sight that greets us at the Working-men's Hall, and we trust it will be continued year after year with such changes and improvements as time and thought may suggest. Such exhibitions cannot fail to be of service both to contributors and exhibitors.

The prizes—medals in silver and in bronze—were adjudicated by Richard Redgrave, R.A.: a better judge could not have been selected for a duty by no means agreeable; but, no doubt, he gave due consideration to the circumstances under which the various works were created, and while, putting aside the large proportion that were of no value to any but the owners, saw with satisfaction the chimney-piece of Mr. Meachin, the terra-cottas of Mr. Martin, the model in zinc of Lichfield Cathedral, the model boats of Mr. Carpenter, and some others—good efforts of able men.

Mr. Goschen, at the close of a graceful and eloquent address, said:—"Beneficial effects on minds and hearts were derived from exhibitions similar to those they saw around them; and those who competed in these displays would, in cultivating their tastes, find hidden refinement in things in which they never felt it existed before, and would be drawn into sympathy with the beautiful and the artistic. The works by which they were surrounded had been doubtless executed under difficulties; not only were these objects beautiful in themselves, but they also shed a refining influence over the homes of those by whom they were exhibited."

CORNELIA.

FROM THE GROUP BY MATHURIN-MOREAU.

THIS striking example of the sculptor's art was modelled by an artist who for many years has occupied a prominent position among the sculptors of France. Moreau studied in the *ateliers* of M.M. Ramey and Dumont, and so far back as the Paris International Exhibition of 1855, exhibited there a beautiful marble statue, "Summer." The group of Cornelia was executed for M. Jules Levevre, one of the most celebrated bronze founders in Paris, and a cast of it in that metal was exhibited in the last French International Exhibition.

The story of Cornelia, that "most virtuous matron," as Roman historians designate her, may not be familiar to all our readers. She was the daughter of Scipio Africanus, and wife of Sempronius Gracchus, who died, leaving her a widow with twelve children; all of whom she subsequently lost, except a daughter, married to Scipio the younger, and two sons, Tiberius and Caius, who became so renowned in the annals of Rome for their eloquence and opposition to the authorities of the state in advocating the interests of the people. "These sons," says Plutarch, "Cornelia brought up with so much care, that, though they were indisputably of the noblest family, and had the happiest disposition of all the Roman youth, yet education was allowed to have contributed still more than nature to their perfection." When a lady of Campania made a display of her jewelled ornaments in the house of Cornelia, and entreated the latter to exhibit her own, the Roman matron produced her two surviving sons, saying, "These are the only jewels of which I can boast." During her lifetime a statue was erected to her honour, bearing the inscription,—

CORNELIA, MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.

This was a mark of distinction but rarely paid by the Romans, even to the greatest of their warriors, till after death. Both of Cornelia's sons fell victims, though at different dates, to the daggers of assassins; after their death the childless mother is reported to have borne her misfortunes with noble magnanimity. She retired to Misenum, where her house was always open for purposes of hospitality. "Greeks and other men of letters of all nations resorted to it, and the princes in alliance with Rome expressed their regard by sending her presents. What every one most admired in her was, that she could speak of her sons without a sigh or tear, and recount their actions and sufferings as if she had been giving a narrative of some ancient heroes."

It is easy to see from the foregoing brief remarks what incident in Cornelia's history M. Moreau has selected for his group. The lady is seated in a chair, with one of her noble sons standing on each side of her, with clasped hands; the action of the mother's left hand, her dignified countenance, and uplifted eyes, speak as loudly as words can do, "These are my jewels;" and certainly there is no matron who would not be proud of possessing such living ornaments, even had the Gracchi become less famous in Roman history than they did.

The sculptor's design is carried out with a power and a boldness worthy of the subject. The modelling of the figures is correct, and their disposition picturesque and effective. The drapery worn by the elder boy would have gained repose if not so cut up into a multiplicity of lines. The bronze itself is a fine piece of casting.



ENGRAVED BY G. STODART.

FROM THE GROUP IN BRONZE BY M. MATHURIN-MOREAU.

(EXECUTED FOR M. JULES LEFEVRE.)



OBITUARY.

GEORGE F. MULVANY, R.H.A.

THIS artist, for many years a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts, and latterly the Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, died on the 6th of February, at his residence, in Herbert Place, Dublin, after a comparatively short illness.

He was born in Dublin in the year 1809, and was the second son of an artist; his father, Thomas Mulvany, having been a painter of considerable repute. George Mulvany grew up imbued with a spirit of Art, and amidst its surroundings, for his father was elected Keeper of the Royal Hibernian Academy when that institution was incorporated. Young Mulvany showed early indications of artistic ability; he studied in the schools of the Academy, and was distinguished as a student. He afterwards pursued his studies in Italy; and after his return, no young artist evinced such promise in the exhibitions of the Irish Academy as young Mulvany, who, about the year 1832, was elected Associate-member of the institution.

The establishment of the Royal Irish Art-Union, in 1840, exercised a considerable influence upon the Arts in Ireland; and none responded to the call made upon the Irish artists at that time with more vigour and enthusiasm than Mr. George Mulvany. The position of Art in Dublin was then melancholy; and the only wonder is, that in the absolute dearth of encouragement which prevailed, any artists were found at all capable of producing works of imagination or taste. It was stated at a public meeting of gentlemen interested in Art held about this time in Dublin, that at the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy held in 1838, two small water-colour drawings, for which thirty shillings was paid, were the entire sales during the season.

About the year 1845, on the death of his father, George F. Mulvany was elected Keeper of the Academy; some years previously he had been elected Academician. He continued to practise his profession, and few exhibitions were without some examples of his pencil. Among his works may be mentioned a portrait of Thomas Moore, engraved in 1840; 'The White Man cast upon the Red Man's Shore'; 'The Peasant's Grave'; 'First Love'; 'An Incident in the Life of the Duke of Alva.' The last picture upon which he was engaged, and which he left unfinished—though working on it almost to the day of his death—is a half-length portrait of the celebrated Franciscan preacher, Father Burke, in the habit of his order. It promised to be his best portrait.

One of the projects which the managers of the Royal Irish Art-Union had in view was the establishment of a National Gallery in Dublin, and a society for the promotion of that object was formed. After the failure of the Art-Union, Mr. Mulvany interested himself in this society, and it is to his untiring energy that the National Gallery of Ireland mainly owes its existence; he was assisted in his efforts by a few in Dublin gifted with artistic tastes, but by none more so than by the Ex-Chancellor, Sir Massey Brady, who may be said to be, indeed, the founder of the Irish National Gallery, as he certainly was its most munificent patron.

After nine years' patient exertion, Mulvany at length saw a National Gallery erected in Dublin. It was a sum of between five and six thousand pounds

subscribed in honour of Dargan, and to commemorate the Great International Exhibition of 1853, that formed the nucleus of the fund from which the gallery was formed; it was supplemented so largely by Government, as to quite outweigh the original sum, and the name of the Dargan Institute was changed into National Gallery of Ireland. Dargan's portrait, however, hangs in a prominent position in the gallery, and his name will be always more or less associated with it.

Mr. Mulvany's loss as an artist, as Director of the National Gallery, and as a leading member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, will not be easily supplied; for he was a man of singular good sense, of most pleasing manners, and great ability. He would have been elected President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, but that the by-laws of the National Gallery prevented his holding that position, unless he resigned the directorship, which, being a post of emolument, as well as his peculiar hobby, he naturally felt reluctant to do.

His remains were interred on the 10th of February, in Mount Jerome Cemetery; they were accompanied to the grave by a large number of friends and admirers; the members of the Royal Hibernian Academy attending in a body to pay a last tribute of respect to an old and valued member.

ROBERT BRAITHWAITE MARTINEAU.

It is with more than ordinary regret we record the death of this painter, on the 13th of February, from heart disease. He was yet in the prime of life, and had given, somewhat recently, evidence of rising to a high place in his profession.

According to the *Athenaeum*, Mr. Martineau was born in London, January, 1826, and was educated at University College School. "In 1842, following the course of several of his family, he chose the law for a profession, and was articled in an eminent office, where he continued for four years, but with no great zeal, his studies in this direction. When about twenty years of age he devoted himself to painting, and, after two years' study in a drawing-school, became a student in the Royal Academy, where he obtained a medal"—in 1851, for two drawings from the antique—"and, what was more important, many friends. Desiring to acquire proficiency in colour and the technical processes of painting, he became a pupil of Mr. Holman Hunt, having before this time but small knowledge of the palette."

In 1852 his first exhibited picture appeared in the octagon room of the Royal Academy, 'Kit's Writing-lesson,' from 'The Old Curiosity Shop'; a clever composition of considerable humour. After a lapse of three years, he contributed 'Petruccio and Katherine,' from the *Taming of the Shrew*; and in 1856, 'The Lesson—Try and remember,' and 'Picciola.' In 1861 he exhibited 'The Allies.' The first of this artist's pictures that attracted our special notice in the Academy was 'The Last Chapter,' exhibited in 1863, which claimed attention from the excessive care bestowed on its execution. A year previously, however, Mr. Martineau had gained the eye of the public by a very remarkable work sent to the International Exhibition in 1862: 'The Last Day in the Old Home' at once lifted the artist out of the ranks of comparatively unknown painters by its originality of treatment and elaborate manipulation; henceforth much was expected from the same hand, yet with the exception of an occasional por-

trait, ideal or actual, nothing more made its appearance. The picture of 1862 is, unfortunately, almost the only work by which the talents of this artist will be remembered; and the recollection of it, especially when we saw it again exhibited, in Hanover Street, four or five years ago, with Mr. Holman Hunt's 'After-glow in Egypt,' makes us the more regret Mr. Martineau's comparatively early death.

HENRY JUTSUM.

This artist, one of our most pleasing landscape-painters, died at his residence, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, on the 3rd of March, at the age of fifty-two. For many years his pictures, hung at the Royal Academy and the British Institution, attracted the attention of all who delight in English scenery, for their fidelity and graceful rendering of the materials selected for representation. In the *Art-Journal* for 1859, under the head of "British Artists," will be found a biographical sketch of Mr. Jutsum, with some illustrations of his works. He was a quiet, unobtrusive, and most kind-hearted man, rarely to be seen either in the society of his brother-artists, or elsewhere, chiefly on account of a lameness to which from infancy he was subjected. By those, however, who knew him—and we are of the number—he was deservedly respected.

FRANÇOIS LAURET.

This artist, born in 1820 at a small village in the south of France, and never known according to his deserts, died, a few months since, one of the many examples of genius breaking down in the struggle sustained by sensitive natures with hard necessity. François Lauret was of peasant parentage. At eight years old he lost both father and mother, and subsequently we are told that the poor youth felt himself "so neglected and miserable that he was on the point of enlisting for a soldier." His education appears to have been slight, and his entry upon Art seems, as often in the lives of painters, to have come about somewhat by accident and impulse. The would-be painter found his way to Paris, and entered the atelier of M. Belloc. This kind master and friend, recognising the presence of rare talent, secured for the ardent student during five years a pension of 600 francs. Lauret worked so hard—during the day at his Art, and in the evening in the general pursuit of knowledge—that his health gave way, and he was compelled to quit Paris. The young artist, seeking a more genial climate, found in Algiers picturesque character with the brilliant atmosphere and colour of the south. It has been our privilege to see many of these African studies, made rapidly on the spot with a keen, intelligent eye for composition, light, colour, and effect. Lauret was a good draughtsman; his sketches of Arab figures, camels, palm trees and picturesque buildings, show the knowledge and command of hand which students gain in the ateliers of Paris: indeed, the artist's mode of painting, his texture, breadth, and sketchy suggestiveness are essentially French. Yet in these records of an earnest life we decipher traits simple and poetic, truthful and tender. Lauret was of a disposition too sensitive and timorous to push his way, yet did he become a constant exhibitor in the *Salon* at Paris; and his pictures, which seldom failed of obtaining good places, were accustomed to receive favourable notice in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* and other journals. The Emperor too

was among the admirers of Lauret's brilliant landscapes; but the painter remained poor, and there is reason to fear suffered want. In Algiers he found in Madam Bodichon and in Mrs. Bridell sympathetic friends. The simplicity of his mind, and his generous and confiding nature endeared him to all. François Lauret married the lady whom he had long loved. His widow now, in England, seeks to do honour to his talents. Lauret's sketches and pictures have been recently seen in private circles in London; they will be exhibited in Paris; and two of his most important works are about to appear in the forthcoming *Exposition des Beaux Arts*.

COUNT DE BEERSKI.

We copy the following from our contemporary the *Builder*:—"The American papers record the death, at Rochester, New York, of Count de Beerski, a Russian nobleman, and an artist of considerable repute. He inherited a valuable estate near Moscow, together with two hundred and fifty serfs, all of whom he emancipated. When Nicholas ascended the throne, the count, in consequence of his liberal views, was obliged to leave his native country and all his possessions. Accustomed as he had been to wealth and luxury, he now found himself obliged to do something for subsistence. He was well educated, and possessed a taste for drawing. He resolved to paint miniatures; and in Hamburg, Paris, and London attracted considerable notice as an artist. Some of his paintings were exhibited in Hyde Park in 1851, and won first-class honours. Count de Beerski was subsequently employed, we believe, to paint portraits of her Majesty and the Royal Family. He emigrated to America in 1859, and was much esteemed by all who knew him."

PICTURE SALES.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods commenced their sales for the season with disposing, on the 20th of February, of a large collection of water-colour pictures, the property of a "deceased gentleman." The works generally are of small size, and they have the character, for the most part, of being early examples of the respective artists. The principal drawings were:—"View in Cologne," with a church and figures, S. Prout, 136 gs. (Vokins); "View at Brunswick," with a barge and figures, S. Prout, 130 gs. (Vokins); "The Zwinger Palace, Dresden," S. Prout, 110 gs. (McLean); "Classical Landscape," with temples and a shepherd, sheep, and goats in the foreground, G. Barrett, 170 gs. (Bottomley); "Classical Lake Scene," with a temple and figures, G. Barrett, and another smaller picture, a classic landscape, by the same artist, 110 gs. (Graves); "Rivaux Abbey," a very fine work, Copley Fielding, 300 gs. (Edwards); "Girl sleeping in a Barn," W. Hunt, 100 gs. (Vokins); "Children at a Brook," Birket Foster, 145 gs. (Carter); "Landscape and Cattle," Copley Fielding, 160 gs. (Tooth). The catalogue included, besides the names given above, those of Turner, Mulready, Austen, Bentley, Callow, Christall, De Wint, Evans, Gastineau, Haghe, Holland, J. Nash, Nestfield, Pyne, T. M. Richardson, Robson, Stephanoff, J. Varley, Mackenzie, G. Cattermole, F. Taylor, Branwhite, Duncan, W. Goodall, D. Cox, C. Stanfield, and many others; but none of their drawings reached the prices appended to those we have named.

The collection of ancient pictures belonging to the late Marquis of Hastings, and removed from his mansion, Donington Park, was sold by Mr. Phillips, at his gallery in New Bond

Street, on the 25th and 26th of February. It included a fine example of Weenix, a youth holding up a hare, with a white swan, heron, and other birds arranged around him, 265 gs. (Ayerst); "Woody Landscape and Waterfall," Ruysdael, 170 gs. (Cox); Portrait, half-length, of Dr. Harvey, the celebrated physician, ascribed to Van Dyck, 50 gs. (Taylor); Portrait of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Sir P. Lely, 80 gs. (Graves); Portrait of Dean Swift, Sir G. Kneller, 100 gs. (Graves); Portrait of Pope, J. Richardson, 45 gs. (Graves); Portraits of E. Waller and S. Butler, Sir G. Kneller, 55 gs. (Graves); Portrait of the Countess of Shrewsbury, Sir P. Lely, 100 gs. (Graves); Portrait of Oliver Cromwell, R. Walker, 50 gs. (Colnaghi); Portrait of Nell Gwynne, Sir P. Lely, 70 gs. (Haigh); "The Woman taken in Adultery," G. Vanden Eckhout, 50 gs. (Gorton); "Woody Landscape," Hobbema, 290 gs. (Nieuwenhuys, of Paris); "Skirmish of Cavalry," P. Wouvermans, 100 gs. (Rutter); "Reading the Will," W. Bird, 90 gs. (Toms); "The Halt," P. Wouvermans, 100 gs. (Rice); "Landscape," with mountainous scenery, water, boats, and figures—a magnificent example of J. Ruysdael, 570 gs. (Rutter); "Village Festival," D. Teniers, very fine, 400 gs. (Haigh); George, Prince of Wales, attired in his robes, and wearing his several orders, his black page putting on the sword, Sir J. Reynolds, 430 gs. (Anthony): this magnificent portrait was a presentation from the Prince to the Earl of Moira. The collection realised upwards of £5,500.

On the 6th of March Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods sold a fine collection of water-colour drawings formed by Mr. P. Allen, of Sedgley Park, Manchester. It contained eighty-three examples, and was especially rich in the works of D. Cox, De Wint, and Copley Fielding, showing forty-six drawings by the first-named artist, and ten by each of the latter. We may note as among the more important works included in the sale:—"Fast Asleep," W. Hunt, 95 gs. (Vokins); "Prayer," and its companion, "The Lesson," E. Frère, 110 gs. (Agnew); "View in Lincolnshire," with cattle, P. De Wint, 110 gs. (Ames); "On the shore of Morecombe Bay," with the effect of a storm, P. De Wint, 300 gs. (Agnew); "The Mill," the companion drawing, 300 gs. (Agnew); "Fishing-boats off Hastings," Copley Fielding, 120 gs. (Agnew); "Fresh Breeze off Fairlight Downs," Copley Fielding, 175 gs. (Agnew); "View near Worthing," with figures and cattle on a road, Copley Fielding, 335 gs. (Grundy); "Early Morning, Sussex Downs," Copley Fielding, 190 gs. (Agnew); "View in the Highlands," a remarkably fine work, formerly in Sir Hugh Campbell's collection, Copley Fielding, 455 gs. (Agnew); "Fishing-boats off the Isle of Arran," another very fine drawing by Copley Fielding, 400 gs. (Agnew); "Inverary," a small cabinet picture, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 200 gs. (Agnew); "The Temple of Jupiter at Egina," from the Munro Collection, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 200 gs. (Gambart).

The following are by D. Cox:—"Windsor, from Virginia Water," 240 gs. (Agnew)—this drawing was in the Allnutt Collection, at the sale of which it realised 165 gs.; "Haymakers in the Vale of Carmarthen," 105 gs. (Agnew); "Windsor Castle, early morning, Life-guards exercising, 210 gs. (Agnew); "Hayfield," 95 gs. (Bartlett); "Peat Gatherers," 200 gs. (Lambert); "Landscape," with figures on a road, 115 gs. (Agnew); "View in Wales," with a man and horse crossing a stream, a large and exceedingly grand drawing, 355 gs. (Grundy); "The Welsh Funeral," a large study for Cox's well-known picture, 110 gs. (Maxwell); "Landscape," with a windmill, and a horseman on the road, 140 gs. (Agnew); "Sheep near a Pool of Water," early morning, 166 gs. (James); "Woody Landscape," with figures at a stile, 150 gs. (Agnew); "Going to the Harvest-field," 200 gs. (C. Smith); "Broom Gatherers," 200 gs. (Grundy); "Landscape," with a pool of water and horses in the foreground, 236 gs. (Agnew); "Wind, Rain, and Steam," 400 gs. (Agnew); "The Weald of Kent," 345 gs. (Armstrong). The entire sales reached upwards of £8,500.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "ART-JOURNAL."

THE NEW "HAND-BOOK OF HERALDRY."

SIR.—My attention has been called to a review of the "Hand-book of Heraldry" in the February number of your Journal, in reply to which I must beg to be allowed to say a few words. Your reviewer writes "in very deed the 'Hand-book' is the second edition of the 'Grammar'" —a book I published some years since. This is incorrect, as five minutes' examination of the two books will suffice to prove. One is a "dwarfish, very plain duodecimo"—I quote your reviewer's words—of seventy-five pages of text; the other is a "well-developed octavo" containing three hundred and twenty-three pages, exclusive of bibliography and index. Had he compared them he would have seen that "by far the greater number of the illustrations are" not "the miserably bad woodcuts of the 'Grammar' worked over again." These are, and have been since 1866, in the possession of Messrs. Longman, who are responsible for "habiting" the "Grammar" "in a suit of dull red cloth," and inscribing "on the back its name in the most common-place of letters."

The frontispiece of the "Hand-book" is wholly not "partly" coloured, and differs only from the original effigy in Canterbury—as it existed before its brilliancy was tarnished by time—in having the armour yellow instead of gold, which was done in order to give more effect to the arms. That a "cut may be found in Hewitt's 'Ancient Armour,'" I am perfectly aware; and I could name a dozen other books in which outlines of the same figure are given.

The vignette I did not copy from Boutell's "Brasses and Slabs." Four years ago I took a rubbing from the Say tomb in Broxbourne Church, which I afterwards traced on cartridge paper, and reduced by photography. I have still the original rubbing, the tracing, and the negative.

The initial at p. 19 is "not" a palpable adaptation of the initial at the beginning of Chapter I. of Boutell's "English Heraldry," for the simple reason that my initial was done upwards of a year before Mr. Boutell's work was published, as the books of the Graphotype Company can prove.

The Arms of the Prince of Wales are not taken from Boutell's "Heraldry, Historical and Popular." He blasons the inescutcheon quarterly of seven—an arrangement deserving of notice on the score of novelty; and gives the Arms of Cornwall as *seven* instead of *fifteen* bezants. Several letters passed between Mr. Boutell and myself, in '66, respecting the arms to which the Prince of Wales is entitled. Time and space prevent my noticing other accusations, equally unfounded.

J. E. CURRANE.

79, Albert Street, Regent's Park.

CONSTABLE'S "CORN-FIELD."

SIR.—I have only just seen the *Art-Journal* for January, and read the notice, at page 10, of the "Corn-field," painted by my father. I agree with you as to the "Corn-field" being "somewhat of a misnomer," for the reasons stated in your notice. I would rather it had been called "A Suffolk Lane." It was taken in the lane leading from East Bergholt (my father's native village) to the pathway to Dedham across the meadows, a quarter of a mile from East Bergholt Church, and one mile from Dedham Church, as the crow flies. The little church in the distance never existed; it is one of the rare instances where my father availed himself of the painter's license to improve the composition. Dedham Church has a much larger tower, and lies to the right hand, outside the limits of this picture. The scene is greatly changed now; all the large trees on the left were cut down some years ago.

C. G. CONSTABLE.

68, Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood.

SCENERY OF THE STAGE.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, LONG ACRE.

It is not to be supposed that because an impulse has been given of late to decorative and scenic art as a study among painters, there have not already been men of great power who have devoted themselves to these branches. From the days of De Louthembourg to our own, there has been a succession of giants labouring in this field; but the battle is not uniformly to the strong, and the years of their especial splendours were separated by intervals, and spoken of as are the memorable years of certain wines. These men were masters of pictorial effect, but were not called upon beyond their own department to act as ministers of taste. To describe their work as gorgeous was considered the highest compliment that could be paid to them; and frequently in deference to a barbarous taste, they may not have been disinclined to verify the application of the term. We have been late in acknowledging the truth. It is only about a quarter of a century that a thoroughly professional education has been held as indispensable to the practice of any branch of Fine Art. But we trace the Academic seat even in ornamentation, and we should now greatly miss maturity of study if it were not apparent.*

In the decorations and scenery of the Queen's Theatre, in Long Acre, there are novel circumstances, which have drawn our attention to this house. The drop scene has been painted by Mr. Telbin; and the rest of the scenery and, we understand, the decorations are the work of Mr. Johnson, Mr. Perkins, and assistants.

The decorations and scenic properties seem to have been studied with a view to a harmonious whole, both in colour and composition. We say colour, but really, as seen by artificial light, the eye is nowhere importuned by colour, and the noisy rosee that has constituted the essence of theatrical embellishment for a great portion of the last century is entirely subdued. In the ornamentation of this theatre, a great advance towards chaste elegance has been made; but wherefore should it be only an advance, since it is in the right direction. A refined taste has been exercised in the embellishment, and evidently a considerable sum of money has been expended, but at no time during the evening is there light sufficient to enable us to estimate the excellence of the enrichments. The general field of the panelling of the boxes and balconies is, by gas-light, buff; it may, by daylight, be yellow; and we feel this as the key of the system. But if the rule of the house be the subdued light under which we have seen it, we cannot think that a buff tint so high would under such circumstances support gold so well as a lower tone of grey. Yet the interior has been studied as a composition, and with much success. The minor designs are not what is known as florid, but they may be called the Renaissance-Arabesque. The panelling of the lower balcony, with its yellowish field, supports perfectly the lozenges with which it is studded; and these, in some instances, contrast with the yellow so decidedly, as to deprive the gilding of its proper value. The panelling of the upper tiers is arabesqued, but without lozenges, and the effect is at once rich and light. From the stage side of the house, the effect of this kind of ornamentation, with the propriety of colour maintained throughout, is all that can be desired. The finish of the panelling, and those parts where painting, gilding, and design, have been made so effective,

renders conspicuous any shortcomings in other respects. The boxes are deficient of drapery and they are covered with a very common paper, which sorts in nowise with the taste displayed outside. But, perhaps, they are not yet finished according to ultimate intention. The cost of draping the boxes would be considerable, and such an addition would add greatly to the appearance of the house. The side spaces from the boxes to the drop-scene, flanking the proscenium, are decorated in a taste between the Pompeian and the Renaissance, but lighter than either. In the centre is a lozenge bearing a device, and from this the embellishments run upwards and downwards with a vegetable luxuriance worthy of the school of Raffaello. The painted red drapery, which bounds the perspective of these wings, does good service in that part of the house, as concealing much of the side passages leading to the front of the stage, which were never ornamental. Over the proscenium is a broad panelled frieze, bearing, as a principal subject, a triumphal, festive, or religious ceremony—any of which it may be, for the light is kept so low that it cannot be seen. The design is in the taste and feeling of the paintings on the Greek vases, a kind of ornamentation which will be understood only by the few; and if the established rule of the house be to keep the light so low, whatever merit the composition and painting may possess, it cannot be recognised. It is desirable to throw a strong light on the stage when the curtain is up, but the house should be sufficiently lighted between the acts.

The drop-scene, at this theatre, painted by Mr. Telbin, is one of the most elegant productions of its kind we have ever seen. It purports to be composed of a plain drop cloth screen with a large circular aperture in the centre, through which appears a classic landscape, wherein the principal object is a circular temple, on the steps of which are groups of figures. Beyond this, in the distance, is a Greek temple on a hill. These objects are well disposed, and the minor details are carried out with taste and judgment. It may be said, that the materials of the composition are somewhat hacknied; but even the most common-place material is open to novelty of treatment. We are requested to believe that the border of the perforated screen is composed of the most brilliant marbles, as we obtain a glimpse below of very brilliant colour, just enough to give point and value to the whole. But really the most remarkable, though not the most conspicuous, feature of this drop-scene is the ample yellow satin curtain, which is supposed to have been drawn aside in order to show the view. Drapery painting is assuredly a branch of Art which requires study, if it is to be executed with success; were it not so, we should not find among the portfolio relics of the princes of the art—Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Albert Dürer, Raffaello, and others—chalk studies of drapery very elaborately drawn preparatory to being painted. Mr. Telbin's yellow drapery is certainly a triumph in its class, and it derives marvellous quality from the bordering of bright malachite below it. When this curtain is down the effect is extraordinary, as it forces on us a strong feeling of the poverty of the house in box draperies. The artist has painted it for a subdued light, but still the curtain would bear more light than is thrown on it. Of this work we can only say, that it is the production of a master of his Art.

Of the decorations of this place of amusement it is not too much to say that they are in such good taste, and so nearly perfect, that it is much to be regretted they are not entirely so. The utmost that can be said is, that the direction taken is the true one, but the end is not yet attained. The Greek mythology, and particularly the imitation of Greek painting on the frieze, is beyond the taste of the mass of the play-going public. We have also to repeat, that if the lighting of the house be so much subdued, to meet this condition something forcible and effective should appear there. The house is small, but it presents examples of the perfection of embellishment.

SKETCHES BY R. T. PRITCHETT.

At Messrs Agnew's in Waterloo Place, there was recently held an exhibition of sketches by Mr. R. T. Pritchett, of whom we have most favourable remembrance as an exhibitor last year, we think, in the same rooms. We have also seen Mr. Pritchett's drawings of ancient armour, certain of which have been engraved in the *Art-Journal*. These drawings were distinguished by a neatness and exactitude of execution, which it would be scarcely possible to surpass. The local sketches of last year were views in the Highlands of Scotland, the beauty and, we may say, the originality of which are very remarkable. This year Holland is Mr. Pritchett's field of enterprise; and from what we gather from his labours, we must conclude that Holland has been by English painters a too much neglected field of operations. Mr. Pritchett has seen the Dutch as they are, not as others see them; and he seems, in a high degree, to possess the eye and quick sensibility which extracts at once the picturesque essence from the people and things that surround him. Scheveningen has been, it appears, head-quarters with Mr. Pritchett, as it was long ago with two famous painters, the one named Vanderveelde, and the other Backhuysen, and since their time by numbers of minor stars. Everybody knows Scheveningen. Its features are remarkable for their simplicity: there are the flat coast and the sand-bank over which we see the unassuming church with a sparse accompaniment of chimneys. With a detail so meagre it is marvellous that so many painters, of schools both old and young, should have studied Scheveningen. But so it is; and yet, much as they may have done, they have not only not exhausted the ground, but left much to be done by the painter, as we learn from these most spirited sketches, which instruct us in the peculiarities and habits of the people of the Dutch coast. 'Hauling up the Pink, Scheveningen' shows the manner in which these heavy boats are drawn beyond high-water mark by a strong team of horses; then we have 'Zaandam—Distant View, with a few of the Windmills,' a really facetious title, for windmills crowd the horizon, as far as the eye is carried. In 'Evening—after a Storm' the main subject is a row of boats that we may presume to have returned from sea, the fishermen delivering their cargo to carts in attendance. The cart, by the way, employed in this traffic, is an elaborately constructed vehicle, curiously out of character with its surroundings. The sky in this drawing is admirable. Somewhat similar are 'Pinks on the Beach, with figures,' 'A study of Pinks from the Zeerust,' 'Herring Pinks going out to sea,' 'The Fish Buyers,' 'Evening—Pink just coming in,' 'Tarring the Pink on the Strand—Evening,' all of which are remarkable for that kind of description which cannot be improvised. The last-mentioned subject, especially, is one which would work into a most effective finished drawing if the force of the sketch can be maintained, a task always of great difficulty. 'Evening—Windmill, Canal, and figures,' presents simply the materials of the title. We doubt not the sky is precisely what Mr. Pritchett saw, but it would suggest that he had sat at the feet of Vandermeer.

But to describe the matter and the manner of these sketches so as to do them justice according to their merits, would require a measure of space much beyond our means. They are forty-seven in number, and set before us almost everything of interest, especially in the outdoor life of these almost primitive people. A few more of these drawings we name, as—'At Coade after Rain,' 'The Munt Tower—Amsterdam,' 'Maria Van de Toorn,' 'Portrait of Pietronella,' 'Arense Roe in his Pink,' 'Interior of Church,' 'Flaggeman op Strande,' 'The Anchor Man,' and others, which show that to personal studies, a fair portion of attention has been given. The great merit of these sketches is their simple truth; and, to us, they invest the people and things of the Dutch coast with a new interest. Many of them present marvellous effects which we hope to see worked out into finished drawings.

* We cannot be so ungrateful as to omit record of the public debt to Mr. W. C. Macready: the services rendered by that estimable gentleman and accomplished actor to the stage are scarcely within the memory of the present race of "play-goers;" but they were large, continuous, and most important. His friend Stanfield painted much for him, when that great artist had abandoned professional work of the class; and he obtained the zealous aid of many other leading artists of his time. It was not in that way only that Macready renovated the stage: attention has been lately directed, by his friend Charles Dickens, to the sacrifices he made in order to prevent the admission of improper characters to his theatre; before his management such admissions were "free." In all ways, indeed, Macready introduced "a better order of things;" and it would be criminal to treat this subject without the grateful memory that is his due.—Ed.

MR. MCLEAN'S EXHIBITION.

Mr. McLean, 7, Haymarket, has opened his gallery with a mixed selection of foreign and English pictures. In accordance with a growing taste of the time, the works are generally small, but in number they extend to upwards of a hundred, and present examples of every branch of painting. In those departments in which the French School excels, there are many that are entitled to be called gems. Attention is first attracted to a few of the larger pictures. 'Marguerite,' H. Merle, is that scene from *Faust* in which Martha and Margaret, when examining the contents of the casket, are surprised by Mephistopheles. Margaret has doctored herself with a rich topos, necklace, and we may suppose her to have been looking at herself in the glass which she holds in her hand. We almost hear the false and fawning Martha saying:—

Denk! Kind um alles in der Welt!
Der Herr dich für ein Fräulein hält.

Mephistopheles is behind Margaret, as he is frequently represented, playing, perhaps, too conspicuously this part of the destroyer. Near this work are two remarkable pictures, by no means original in conception, because the stories are as old as the world itself, and the living types are still daily before us. But the contrast here is very forcibly worked out. The titles of these are 'Penelope' and 'Phryne,' both by C. Marshall. The former is a young wife, who stands working at a piece of embroidery before a small console on which is a miniature of her absent husband. The arrangement is of the simplest, yet the story of an innocent life is told out. In contrast to 'Penelope' stands 'Phryne,' and if the former be so rich in expression of chastity, we read in the latter a history of an entirely different kind.

There is a proportion of social subjects of that genre which has received such an impulse from the works of Meissonnier and his followers. The specialties are 'Amateurs in a Studio,' 'The Card Party,' 'The Artist's Studio' and others, by Leon Ecosura, who is certainly a most able representative of the section to which he has attached himself. These pictures may in certain particulars fall short of the best productions of the originator of this department, but they are in many respects equal to the generality of Meissonnier's works; than this we cannot bestow higher praise. There is a picture by E. Bain, called 'Capri, gathering Oranges.' It is a very resolute assertion of daylight, with an uncompromising description of a locality wild, somewhat oriental, and even oppressively allusive to painful passages of history. The fruit-gatherers are a numerous company of Italian peasant girls, whom the painter introduces precisely as he saw them; indeed, nothing can be more simple than the treatment of the subject, and simplicity, after all, is the quality the most difficult of attainment. By John Pettie, A.R.A., is a picture called 'Persuading Papa,' and before looking at the catalogue we were at a loss to say which of Molière's comedies had supplied the situation. It would appear, however, that it is independent of any prompting from without. It takes us back to the time of doubts and flowing *peripeties*, and the point is two young ladies supplicating their papa to yield compliance to something to which he resolutely objects. It is painted much in the French taste, and declares the propriety of introducing every-day characters in their every-day clothes. We have many times protested against the absurdity of presenting the commonest incidents of life with an accompaniment of the utmost severity of full dress. 'The Carnival,' R. Hillingford, is an elaborate study of colour and of such character as we may suppose to be in the ascendant on such occasions. 'The Young Mother,' H. Merle, is a picture, it need scarcely be said, of the mother nursing her infant; the flesh-painting is highly successful. 'The Artist's Model,' W. F. Frith, R.A., shows the painter himself seated at his easel, while the model who has just entered is taking off her bonnet and shawl. It is forcible as a description of the effect of figures and objects seen by a

high light. Of the picture entitled 'The New Tenant—Paddy's Mark,' it is scarcely necessary to name the painter, so entirely has Mr. Nicol appropriated the eccentricities of Irish rural life. The emphasis which he gives to these subjects, proclaims plainly enough that there are veins of originality yet to be opened in every direction which Art has taken. It has been so much the fashion of all time to caricature Irish nature, that we greatly enjoy the freshness of a truthful essay in this yet very fertile field. 'The Lesson,' L. Parrault, is a pleasant picture of a mother and child, the latter in distress on account of the obstruction of some hard word. 'Playing at Marbles,' by Lassalle, derives interest from the vocation of the players, who are street-minstrels, a girl and two boys. There is a strong zest in their temporary enjoyment. 'An Italian Girl,' Chatillon, appears in that well-known dress at once the most hacknied and most picturesque of all the European female costumes. 'At Mass' and 'The Student,' by W. Bishop, are two effective studies of single figures. 'After Work,' C. Moreau, shows a French peasant-family enjoying their relaxation towards the close of a summer day. 'Venice,' by F. Zeim, is a twilight view of a portion of the city taken apparently at some little distance off the Riva, and looking towards the mouth of the Grand Canal. 'An Egyptian,' C. Landelle, is a head and bust *replica* of the half-length figure exhibited, we think, last year. In his conception and treatment the artist has overcome most of the difficulties which stand in the way of giving interest to a single figure. 'The Confessional,' Gustave de Jonghe, is a well painted version of the subject. 'The Toilette,' is by the same painter. 'May Blossom,' by Bouguereau—although not up to the quality which distinguishes certain of the painter's works—is a very interesting profile. Of 'An Interior,' W. Q. Orchardson, the sketchy manner is so equal and well balanced, as almost to represent finish. 'Christ walking on the Sea,' Jalabert, is a small reproduction of the well-known picture. The display of foreign landscape is limited: by Lambinet is a 'Landscape in France,' but by Linnell is 'The Thunder Cloud,' and it is not necessary for us to say how great Linnell can show himself in such a subject. In this case the cloud is light and seems to be advancing with an endless succession of convolutions. The landscape below is light and rich in colour, indeed the entire treatment is different from the common rendering of such an aspect. Other landscape-subjects are: 'Landscape in Wales,' J. B. Smith; 'On the Thames,' Bodington; 'River Scene,' J. B. Grieve; 'View in Wales,' J. B. Smith; &c.

The collection generally is of great interest from its variety. As a point of courtesy, we have especially turned our attention to the productions of foreign painters, though there are many of our own countrymen, who have achieved reputations equal, and in certain respects superior, to the foreign artists named above. These painters can well afford on occasions of this kind to yield the *pas* to their neighbours. We can therefore only name their works; as, 'Near Neighbours,' J. C. Horsley, R.A.; 'The Canary,' W. F. Frith, R.A.; 'Coming Down the Hill,' P. F. Poole, R.A.; 'The Elf,' H. Le Jeune, A.R.A.; 'Pilgrims Progress,' F. R. Pickersgill, R.A.; 'On the March,' R. Beavis; 'Our Flocks,' F. R. Legg, R.A. and T. S. Cooper, R.A.; 'Rebecca at the Well,' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A.; 'A Moorish Youth,' W. Gale; 'Fishermen landing their Boats,' E. W. Cooke, R.A.; 'The Sisters,' C. Baxter; 'The Emigrant's Letter,' G. Smith; 'Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, R.A.; 'Coast of Tenby,' James Webb; and 'On the Dors,' by the same. In addition to the foreign pictures already named are 'Faust and Marguerite,' G. Koller; 'The Blonde,' K. Schlesinger; 'Dutch Boats in a Calm,' Koekkoek; 'Private Theatricals,' T. Duverger; 'Neighbours,' Seignac; 'Halt of Dragoons,' E. Detaille; 'Sheep,' Auguste Bonheur; 'The Connoisseur,' Paul Soyer, &c. The catalogue may be considered deficient in examples of landscape, but every other branch of painting is amply represented.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF R. C. MAY, ESQ., CLAPHAM PARK.

THE WARRIOR'S CRADLE.

D. MacIose, R.A., Painter. J. Francis, Engraver.

No artist of our time has proved himself more capable of dealing pictorially with the age of chivalry, both in its poetical and real aspects, than Mr. MacIose. A glance at some of his pictures will show how completely the subject has taken hold of his mind. So far back as 1833, we find him exhibiting 'A Love Adventure of Francis I., with Diana of Poitiers,' this was followed at intervals by 'The Chivalrous Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock,' 'Robin Hood and Richard Cœur-de-Lion,' 'Merry Christmas in the Baron's Hall,' 'Banquet-scene in Macbeth,' 'The Sleeping Beauty,' 'The Play-scene in Hamlet,' 'The Return of the Knight,' 'Ordeal by Touch,' 'The Spirit of Chivalry,' and 'The Spirit of Justice,' both painted for the House of Lords; the 'Marriage of Strongbow and Eva,' with some others: all of these may be identified, in more or less degree, with the age of iron—the age of warlike deeds, of chivalrous enterprise, and of gentle courtesies, amid much that was also half-barbaric, violent, tyrannous, and opposed to liberty of thought and action.

If individual character influences the imagination of an artist so that it is seen through his works, and undoubtedly this is often the case, then Mr. MacIose must consider he has fallen, upon evil days, living, as he does, among a matter-of-fact generation which has no sympathy with the times that, at least from his standpoint of view, are so cherished by him; for what can an "age of industries" have in common with an "age of chivalry"? The two in all their essential qualities are altogether opposed to each other; and the mind, not attuned to a love of Art for its own sake—that is, for the excellence of the painter's work—finds in the foray or tournament of "belted knight," or in his more peaceful passage at arms with the maiden he wooes in leafy bower, little but that to which it is indifferent. There is, however, one ground whereon the past and the present may meet in harmony, for domestic affection is limited to no time, or locality, or class; and our forefathers who wore steel armour or leather jerkin, and their wives, and the men who now are clad in broadcloth or fustian, and their wives, may, in this trait of natural feeling, be placed in the same category. And thus the chivalric scene which Mr. MacIose's mind has conjured up, will find an echo in the hearts of the living.

It is a noble picture; grand in design, and worked out most powerfully. The warrior, armed *cap-à-pie*, has entered his tent from the field, and seated by his wife, who raises her hand to enjoin silence, watches his infant boy, sleeping soundly, in one of his father's breastplates, extemporised as a cradle, and a sitting one, too, for a warrior's child; a sturdy youngster he is, who, if life be spared, will certainly grow up to be a stalwart knight, a worthy scion of that majestic-looking couple, for the lady is a magnificent specimen of her sex, as her husband is of a soldier. The incident itself is highly poetic, and the accessories of the composition, even to the flowers peeping out of the armlet and strewn upon the ground, aid the sentiment.

We feel indebted to the owner of this fine picture, which has never been exhibited, for his kind permission to engrave it.



D. MACLISE. R. A. PINXT

J. FRANCK. SCULPT

THE WARRIOR'S CRADLE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF R. C. MAY, ESQ. CLAPHAM PARK.

LONDON, VIRTUE & CO



THE
STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.
(OCCASIONALLY OPEN TO THE PEOPLE.)

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land." HERMAN.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A.
THE ANTIQUARIAN NOTES AND DETAILS
BY LEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

No. IV.—CASTLE HOWARD.



THE princely seat of the Howards is distant about twenty miles from the venerable city of York; the railway station, four miles from the mansion, on the borders of the Derwent, and not far from one of the most interesting of monastic ruins, the ancient abbey of Kirkham, is pretty and picturesque, and the drive is by a road full of tranquil villages

suggestive thought—by villages and umbrageous woods, commanding, here and there, glorious and extensive views of fertile country, away from the active bustle of busy life. Castle Howard, one of the most perfect of the "dwellings" that succeeded the castles and "strong houses" of our forefathers, with its gardens, grounds, lawns, plantations, woods, and all the accessories of refined taste, is a model of that repose which speaks of happiness—and makes it; and it is pleasant to imagine there the good Statesman who was the latest of its Lords by whom the mansion was inhabited—retiring from the political warfare in which he had a large share, to leave earth, "after life's fitful fever," in the midst of the graces of the demesne, and the honourable and lofty associations connected with a long line of heroic ancestors.*

Before we describe the house and grounds, the reader will require information concerning the noble family of the Howards. It is without a blot since its commencement many centuries ago. Its history may be traced from the founder to the present day without pointing to one of its members by whom the proud name has been sullied.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Carlisle, the owner of Castle Howard, is descended from a long line of noble and distinguished men whose services to their sovereigns and their country gained for them the highest honours and distinctions; yet the parts they took in the troublous times in which they lived brought no less than three of their brightest ornaments to the block under charges of high treason.

The house of Howard, although not of the oldest of English families, is one that claims precedence of rank over all others—for its head, the Duke of Norfolk, is Premier Duke and Earl, Hereditary Earl Marshal, and Chief Butler of England,—and has, therefore, extraordinary importance attached to it.

This great historical house can only with certainty be traced to Sir William Howard,

Judge of Common Pleas in the year 1297, although plausible, and indeed highly probable, connections have been made out to a much earlier period. They inherit much of their Norfolk property from their ancestors, the Bigods. In the fourteenth century, by the match of the

then head of the family, Sir Robert Howard, with the heiress of Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, the foundation of the splendour and consequence of the Howards was laid. That lady was Margaret, eldest daughter of the Duke of Norfolk by his wife, Elizabeth, daughter



CASTLE HOWARD: THE SOUTH FRONT.

and co-heiress of Richard, Earl of Arundel. The said Thomas de Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, was son and heir to John Lord Mowbray, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter and heir to John Lord Segrave and of Margaret his wife, daughter and heir of Thomas de Brotherton, Earl of Norfolk,

and Earl Marshal of England, the eldest son of King Edward I., by his second wife Margaret, daughter to Philip the Hardy, King of France.

By this splendid alliance, Sir Robert Howard had an only son and two daughters. The son, Sir John Howard, was created Lord Howard,



CASTLE HOWARD: THE GARDEN FRONT.

and afterwards Duke of Norfolk, and had the highest offices bestowed on him; a title and honours which have (excepting the periods of sequestration) remained in the family ever since.

It is not in the province of this chapter, which is devoted to the Carlisle branch, to trace the

main line or other lines of the Howards. It will, therefore, be sufficient to add that much of their estates have come from alliances with the heiresses of Bigod, Fitzalan, Talbot, and De la Roche.

All the present English Peers of the noble house of Howard descend from a common an-

* The house and grounds are open to the public, partially, on every day of the week; the state apartments being shown twice in each week to all applicants for admission. We were accompanied on our visit by Mr. ALBERT EASTMAN, an eminent and very accomplished photographer at Manchester, who made for us the several photographs of which we give engravings, from drawings on wood by Mr. E. M. Wimperis.

cestor in Thomas, the second Duke of Norfolk of the name of Howard, who died in 1624. Thus, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Suffolk, and the Earl of Carlisle are descended from his first wife, Mary, daughter and heiress to Henry Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel; and the Earl of Effingham from his second wife, Margaret, daughter and heiress of Thomas Lord Audley of Walden, and widow of Lord Henry Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland. The Howards of Greystoke, in Cumberland, are a younger branch of the present ducal house, as are the Howards of Glossop, &c. The Howards of Corby Castle descend from the Carlisle branch, tracing from "Belted Will Howard."*

The earldom of Carlisle was originally enjoyed by Ranulph de Meschines, nephew of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester. The earldom appears next to have been given to Andrew de Harcla, who was son of Michael de Harcla, governor of Carlisle, who afterwards "being condemned for a traitor, he was at first in form degraded, having his knightly spurs hew'd off from his heels; and at last hang'd, drawn, and quartered, 3rd March, 1322."

The title was next enjoyed by John Plantagenet, son of Henry IV., and by his son Richard, afterwards Richard III., and thus again merged into the Crown. In 1620, the title—with those of Viscount Doncaster and Baron Hay—was conferred on Sir James Hay; he was succeeded by his son James, who died without issue. The title thus again became extinct, and so remained until it was conferred on the Howards.

Lord William Howard—third son of the Duke of Norfolk, already spoken of—was the "Belted Will Howard" of history, one of the leading heroes of border minstrelsy: the hero of whom Sir Walter Scott writes:—

Cestly his garb—his Flemish ruff
Fell o'er his doublet, shaped of buff
With satin slashed and lined;
Tawny his boot, and gold his spur,
His cloak was all of Poland fur,
His hose with silver twined:
His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
Hung in a broad and studded belt;—
Hence, in rude phrase, the Borderers still
Called noble Howard "BELTED WILL."

He was, as we have stated, the third son of the fourth duke of Norfolk, and grandson of the famous Earl of Surrey.

"Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?"

His father lost his title, his estates and his head on Tower Hill, and bequeathed him to the care of his elder brother, as "having nothing to feed the cormorants withal." He was married, in 1677, to the Lady Elizabeth Dacre; the ages of both together being short of eight and twenty. During the whole of the reign of Elizabeth, however, he and his brother Arundel, and several other members of his family were greatly oppressed—subjected repeatedly to charges of treason, and kept in a state of poverty, "very grievous to bear." On the accession of James the First, their prospects brightened; Lord William was received into special favour, and, in 1606, was appointed to the perilous post of King's Lieutenant and Lord Warden of the Marches: when the northern shires of England were exposed to perpetual inroads of border caterans. The onerous and very difficult duties imposed upon him, he discharged with equal fearlessness and severity. His boast was, so to act, that the rush-bush should guard the cow; so that, to quote from Fuller, "when in their greatest height, the moss-troopers had two fierce enemies—the laws of the land, and Lord William Howard, who sent many of them to Carlisle, that place where the officer does his work by daylight."

Although formidable to his enemies, the Lord William was fervent and faithful to his

friends. His attachment to his lady was of the "truest affection, esteem, and friendship;" and his love of letters, and the refined pursuits of leisure and ease, rendered him conspicuous even among the many intellectual men of the period.* To the courage of the soldier "Belted Will" added the courtesy of the scholar, and, although the "tamer of the wild border" has been pictured as a ferocious man-slayer, history does him but justice in describing him as a model of chivalry, when chivalry was the leading characteristic of the age. He died in 1640—surviving the Lady Bessy—"Bessy with the braid apron"—only one year, their union having continued during sixty-three years, and leaving by her ten sons and five daughters, the eldest of the sons being the direct ancestor of the Earls of Carlisle.†

Their eldest son, Sir Philip Howard, died in his father's lifetime, leaving by his wife Margaret, daughter of Sir John Carryl, a son, Sir William Howard, who succeeded his grandfather, Lord William, in the enjoyment of his estates. He married Mary, eldest daughter of William,

Lord Eure, by whom he had issue, five sons—William (who died in the lifetime of his father), Charles, Philip, Thomas, and John, and five daughters. He was succeeded by his second son, Charles, who, for many loyal services to his king, was, in 1661, created Baron Dacre of Gilsland, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle. He also enjoyed many high appointments and privileges. He married Anne, daughter of Lord Howard of Escrick, and had issue by her, two sons, Edward and Frederick Christian, and three daughters. Dying in 1693, his lordship was succeeded by his son—

Edward, as second Earl, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Berkeley, by whom he had issue, three sons and two daughters. His lordship died in 1692, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, Charles, as third earl, who, during the minority of his kinsman, the Duke of Norfolk, held the office of Deputy Earl Marshal; many important posts were conferred upon, and trusts reposed in, him. He married Lady Elizabeth Capel, daughter of the Earl of Essex, by whom he left issue, two sons,



CASTLE HOWARD: THE GREAT HALL.

Henry and Charles (a general of the army), and three daughters.

Henry, who succeeded his father, in 1738, as fourth earl, married, first, Lady Frances Spencer, only daughter of Charles, Earl of Sun-

* He was the friend of Camden and other men of note. For Camden he copied the inscriptions on the Roman remains in his district; and he collected together a fine library of the best authors (a part which still exists), and in addition, he himself edited the *Chronicle of Florence* of Worcester. He collected a number of valuable MSS. which now form a part of the Arundel Collection in the British Museum. An excellent portrait of this great man, of whom the Howards may well feel proud, is preserved at Castle Howard. His dress is a close jacket of thick black figured silk, with rounded skirts to mid-thigh, and many small buttons. The rest of his dress is also of black silk. His sleeves are turned up, and he has a deep white falling collar. He wears a dress rapier, and is bare headed. The dress in which he is painted is, curiously enough, ascertained from the steward's accounts of the time to have cost £17 7s. 6d. There is also a portrait by the same artist (Cornelius Jansen) of the Lady Elizabeth, his wife.

† It is understood that the title "Belted Will" was not derived from the breadth of the baldric, a broad belt, the distinguishing badge of high station, but rather meant "bald," or bold, Willie; and that the term "Bessie with the braid apron" did not refer to that portion of a lady's dress, but to the breadth, or extent, of her possessions.

derland, by whom he had issue, three sons, who pre-deceased him, and two daughters; and, secondly, in 1743, Isabella, daughter of William, fourth Lord Byron, by whom he left issue, one son, who succeeded him, and four daughters.

Frederick, fifth earl, succeeded his father in the title and estates in 1768, being at the time only ten years of age. In 1768 he was made a Knight of the Thistle, and in 1793 installed as K.G. His lordship was a man of letters and of high intellectual attainments, having published "Tragedies and Poems." This lord was the guardian of Lord Byron; and to him the "Hours of Idleness" was dedicated: some severe and satiric passages concerning the Earl may be called to mind in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"—passages which the erratic poet afterwards regretted. He married the Lady Margaret Caroline Leveson-Gower, daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford, by whom he had issue, the Hon. George; Lady Isabella Caroline, who married, first, to Lord Cawdor, and, second, to Hon. Captain George Pryse; Lady Charlotte; Lady Susan Maria; Lady Louisa; Lady Elizabeth, who married John

* The titles and dignities now enjoyed by the Howards are—Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, and Hereditary Marshal of England; Premier Duke and Earl next to the royal blood; Earl of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, Earl of Arundel, Baron Fitzalan, Baron Clun, Baron Cotesloe, and Baron Maltravers; Earl of Suffolk, Earl of Berkshire, Viscount Andover, and Baron Howard; Earl of Carlisle, Viscount Howard of Morpeth (generally called Viscount Morpeth), and Baron Dacre of Gilsland; Earl of Effingham, Viscount Howard of Effingham, and Baron Howard of Effingham.

Henry, Duke of Rutland, and was mother of the present Duke of Rutland, of Lord John Manners, and a numerous family; the Hon. William Howard, who died unmarried; Lady Gertrude, who married William Sloane Stanley, Esq.; Major the Hon. Frederick Howard, who married Frances Susan Lambton, sister to the Earl of Durham (he was killed at the battle of Waterloo); Frederick John Howard, who married Lady Fanny Cavendish, sister of the Earl of Burlington, by whom he had issue (his mother married, secondly, the Hon. H. F. C. Cavendish, second son of the Earl of Burlington); and the Hon. and Very Rev. Henry Edward John Howard, Dean of Lichfield, &c., who married Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of Ichabod Wright, Esq. His lordship died in 1825, and was succeeded by his son—

George, as sixth earl, who filled many important offices. He married the Lady Georgiana Dorothy Cavendish, daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, and sister to the late Duke, and by her had issue, George William Frederick, Lord Morpeth (who succeeded his father); Lady Caroline Georgiana, married to the Hon. William Saunders Sebright Lascelles, brother to the Earl of Harewood; Lady Georgiana, married to Lord Dover; the Hon. Frederick George; Lady Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, married to the Duke of Sutherland, and mother to the present illustrious nobleman of that title; the Hon. and Rev. William George Howard; the Hon. Edward Granville George, married to Diana, niece of Lord Ponsonby; Lady Blanche Georgiana, married to William Cavendish, afterwards second Earl of Burlington, and now the present and highly-esteemed and illustrious Duke of Devonshire, by whom she had issue, the present Marquis of Hartington, M.P., and Postmaster-General; Lord Frederick Charles Cavendish, M.P.; Lord Edward Cavendish, M.P.; and Lady Louisa Cavendish (Egerton); the Hon. Charles Wentworth George Howard, M.P., married to Mary, daughter of Judge Parke; Lady Elizabeth Anne Georgiana Dorothea, married to the Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey, brother to Earl Grey; the Hon. Henry George Howard, married to a niece of the Marchioness Wellesley; and Lady Mary Matilda, married to the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere. His lordship, who died in 1848, was succeeded by his son—

George William Frederick, as seventh earl, one of the most distinguished men of the age in literature and science, as well as in the senate. His lordship as "Lord Morpeth" took a prominent part in the affairs of the kingdom, and among the important offices he held, at one time or other in his useful life, were those of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. He died unmarried in 1864, and was succeeded by his brother—

The Hon. and Rev. William George, as eighth earl, who now holds the title and estates. His lordship, who was Rector of Lonsborough, and is senior co-heir to the Barony of Clifford, is unmarried, the heir-presumptive being his brother, Admiral the Hon. Edward Granville George Howard, R.N.

In the grounds of Castle Howard an avenue of about a mile in length, bordered on either side by groups of ash trees, leads to a pretty, cosy, and comfortable inn; it forms a sort of entrance gate to the park, the mansion, however, is a long way off: the whole length of the avenue from the road to the house being four miles, with the avenue of trees continued all the way. Midway, is an obelisk 100 feet in height, which contains this inscription:—

"Charles, the third Earl of Carlisle, of the family of the Howards, erected a castle where the old Castle of Henderskelf stood, and called it Castle Howard."

He began these works in the year MDCCII, and set up this inscription anno MDCCXLI."

The history of the house is thus told; but it

* The old Castle of Henderskelf, an ancient seat of the Greystocks, was built in the reign of Edward III.; it passed into the hands of the Howards by the marriage of Bellet Will with Bessie of the braid apron. "The word Henderskelf, meaning hundred-hill, or the hill where the hundreds meet."

has no pretensions to the name of a castle: the mansion is free from all semblance of character as a place for defence, being simply and purely the domestic home of an English gentleman,

though, as our engravings show, very beautiful in construction, of great extent, and perfect in all its appliances.

It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of the architect, Sir John

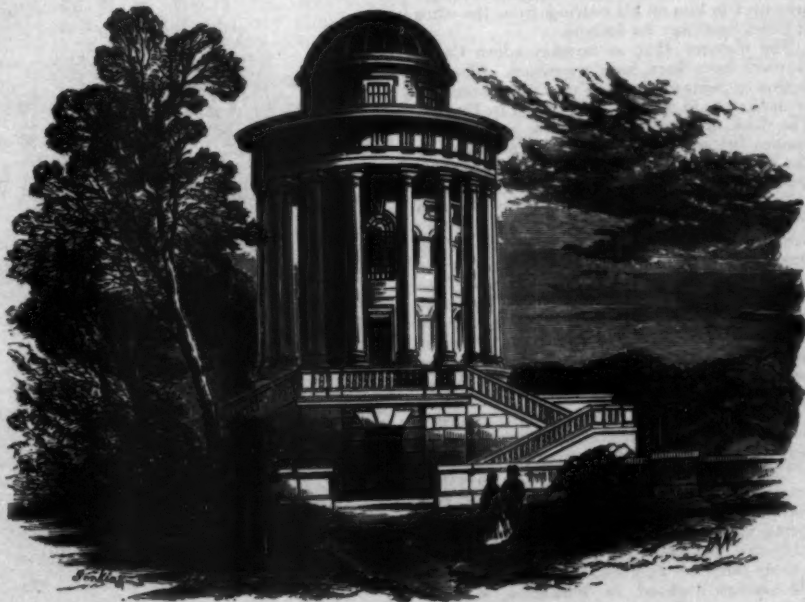


CASTLE HOWARD: THE DAIRY.

Vanbrugh, he who laid in England "many a heavy load," and whose graceful and emphatically "comfortable" structures, including

notably that of Blenheim, adorn several of our English shires.*

Sir John Vanbrugh was, as his name indi-



CASTLE HOWARD: THE MAUSOLEUM.

cates, of Dutch descent. He was born at Chester in 1666, his father being a sugar-baker in that city. In 1695, his architectural skill having acquired him some reputation, he was appointed one of the commissioners for completing Greenwich Palace, at the time when it was about to be converted into an hospital. In 1702 he built Castle Howard for the Earl of

Carlisle, who was so pleased with his skill, that, being at the time Deputy Earl Marshal of

* Comparing Castle Howard with Blenheim, Dr. Waagen writes—"the former is 'less broken up' than the latter, and though not of equal extent, has a grander and more massive appearance. In the whole arrangement of the mansion and the garden, the architect evidently had Versailles in his mind as the perfection of this style."

England, he conferred upon him the important appointment of Clarenceux king-at-arms.* In 1728 he died, and was buried in the Church of St. Stephen, Walbrook.

En route to the house, we pass, to the left, in a hollow adjoining a broad lake, the DAIRY, a pretty building picturesquely placed; and right before us is a steep ascent, from which there is a fine view—north, south, east, and west.

The SOUTH FRONT shows Castle Howard in its finest point of view: it is in length 323 feet; the centre consists of a pediment and entablature supported by fluted Corinthian pilasters; and the door is reached by a flight of stately steps. "The north front consists of an elaborate centre of the Corinthian order, with a cupola rising from the top, and on either side extensive wings—the east according to the original design, the west from a design by Sir James Robinson, which has been more recently built in a very different style from the other wing; and, as the building has been deemed by some architectural critics to be wanting in the qualities of lightness and elegance, and uniformity of parts, to this circumstance is owing the alleged incongruity."

From this point is the main or state entrance into the GREAT HALL: pictured in the engraving. It is 65 feet high; a square of 35 feet; lit from a dome, the top of which is 100 feet from the floor; the fire-place is a rich piece of sculptured marbles; the panels are filled with pendant groups of musical instruments; allegories grace the ceilings and walls, principally painted by Pellegrini; and statues and busts of Roman emperors are placed on pedestals along the sides.

Several doors lead to the various apartments; the state-rooms being hung with pictures of inestimable worth, and all being decorated in pure taste. To the pictures we shall presently refer.

A gallery called the Antique Gallery—160 feet long, by 20 broad—contains a number of rare beautiful and valuable examples of antiquities, Roman Egyptian and Greek; but a more interesting gallery is that which contains "the Museum," in which has been collected an immense variety of objects, gathered by several lords in various countries, with not a few precious relics found in the ancient localities of Yorkshire and Cumberland; among them are shown a casket of bog-oak, a gift to the good Lord Carlisle by his constituents of the West Riding, and "a monster address, 400 feet long," presented to him on his retiring from the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland.

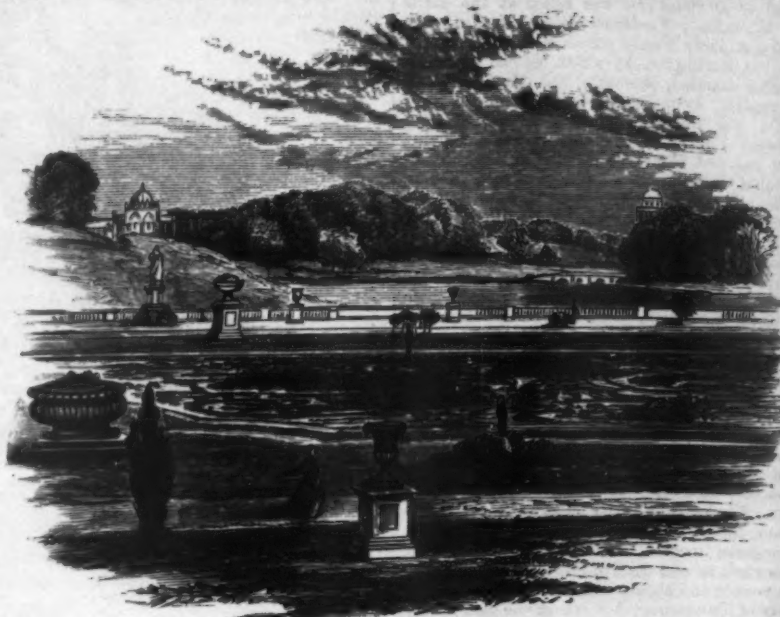
The pictures that so lavishly adorn Castle Howard have been long renowned. The collection contains some of the very finest examples of the great old masters to be found in Europe. The best of them once formed parts of the famous Orleans Gallery, and were acquired by the Earl of Carlisle when the French Revolution of 1789 caused their distribution.

To name all the works in this collection would occupy more space than we can spare: chief among them all is 'The three Marys,' by Annibale Caracci; it suffices to name it as one of the world's wonders in Art. And also 'The Adoration of the Wise Men,' by Mabeuse, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master. Other grand examples are by Titian, Correggio, Domenichino, Guercino, Carlo Maratti, Giorgione, Primaticcio, Julio Romano, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Velasquez, Cuyp, Claud, Ruydael, Vandyck, Rubens, Wouvermans, Bruegel, Berghem, Jansens, Holbein, Huyman, Mabeuse, Vandewelde, Teniers, and Canaletti. Of Canaletti there are no fewer than forty-five examples—his best productions in his best time—scattered throughout the corridors and rooms, with famous specimens of Reynolds and Lawrence, and family portraits by other artists; notably those of Jackson, an artist who, from his obscure boyhood in Yorkshire, was encouraged and upheld by the House of Carlisle.

The history of the dispersion of the Orleans Gallery deserves record here. When the French

Prince, Philippe of Orleans, surnamed *Egalité*, wanted a sum of money to carry out his political projects, he sold his entire gallery of pictures (in 1792) for a comparatively insignificant amount: those of the Italian and French schools to a banker of Brussels; and those of the Flemish, Dutch, and German schools, to an Englishman,

Mr. T. M. Slade. The Italian and French pictures subsequently passed into the hands of a French gentleman, M. Laborde de Mereville; who, being compelled to quit his country during the Revolution, caused his pictures to be brought to London, and ultimately sold them to Mr. Jeremiah Harman, a wealthy merchant.

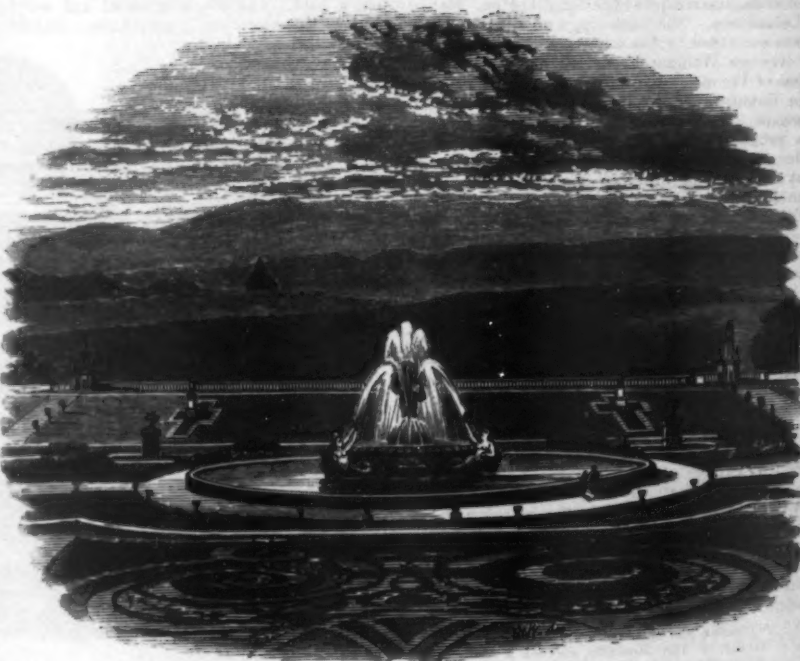


CASTLE HOWARD: THE GARDEN.

"Thus matters stood," says Dr. Waagen, in his "Treasures of Art in Great Britain," till the year 1798, when Mr. Bryan—the well-known picture-buyer, and author of the "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," a standard book of reference—prevailed on the late Duke of Bridgewater, Earl Gower, afterwards Marquis of Stafford, and the Earl of Carlisle, to purchase

this splendid collection for the sum of £43,000, and thus to secure it for ever to England.

Of the gardens we give two engravings: the one, chiefly, to show a charming fountain, a work of great merit, the production of the sculptor, Thomas; the other, to convey an idea of the peculiar and very beautiful character of the grounds and their adornments; the ter-



CASTLE HOWARD: THE FOUNTAIN.

race walks, the lake, the summer house (Temple of Diana), and the MAUSOLEUM, environed by umbrageous woods; here and there vases judiciously interspersed with memorial pillars, commemorating some striking event or some renowned benefactor of the race of the Howards.

The lawns and gardens are admirably laid out, somewhat trim and formal, but not out of character with the building of which they are adornments.

The grounds are unsurpassed in beauty—that of which nature has been lavish, and that which is derived from Art.

* Sir John Vanbrugh's architectural works are many; among them are best known, Castle Howard; Blenheim Palace; Eastbury, in Dorsetshire; King's Weston, near Bristol; Easton-Wootton, in Northamptonshire; Grimsthorpe (one front); "two little castles at Greenwich;" his own house at Whitehall; the old Opera House in the Haymarket, &c., &c.

CENTRAL HALL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SKIING the southern boundary of the Kensington Road, exactly opposite the spot where the graceful spire of the memorial to H.R.H. the Prince Consort is just beginning to define its fine proportions in the midst of an umbrageous forest of scaffolding, our readers may have observed the growth of a structure unlike anything with which the eye is familiar in England.

The resident, or the traveller, in certain provinces of the old Roman world, would, however, at once recognise a marked family likeness between the rising edifice (which is at present assuming the form of a vast, and, proportionately considered, squat, tower of red brick, and richly moulded *terra-cotta*), and the relics of some of the most famous buildings of Imperial Rome. At Arles, at S. Autun, at Nîmes, and at Nice, in France; at Alba, at Ostia, at Capua, again on the banks of the Garigliano near Capua, at Pozzuoli, at Pompeii, and at Verona, in Italy; and at Pola in Istria, are yet to be seen the ruins of some of those noble amphitheatres, of the design of which the Albert Hall is an adaptation suited to the requirements of the English climate, and to the civilisation of the nineteenth century. But it was the Emperor Vespasian who reared, in the incredibly brief time, we are told, of two years and nine months, the most colossal of all similar structures, the unrivalled Coliseum. This was an elliptical edifice, 615 feet in its longer diameter, 510 feet in its minor axis, and with a facade of 162 feet high. The dimensions of the Albert Hall, measured from the plan, do not very widely differ from those of the arena of the Coliseum, a span 281 feet by 176 feet, within which the English building would have stood, with an allowance of some 10 feet of extra width, but with 40 feet to spare at either end.

The arena of the Roman Amphitheatre was the scene of those brutalising displays of mortal conflict between man and man, or man and beast, only of which a faint relic is now to be witnessed in Europe, in the form of the Spanish bull fight. To view the sports, the amphitheatre of Vespasian seated 109,000 spectators; that of Verona would accommodate 22,000; that of Nîmes 17,000. The building at Kensington, designed by the late Captain Fowkes, and carried into effect by Lieut.-Colonel Scott, R.E., is estimated to be capable of holding, when full, some 15,000 persons. But the terms applicable for this great gathering is not that of spectators, but of auditors. The unbroken circuit of the ancient amphitheatre, is replaced by an arrangement more resembling that of an ordinary theatre, or of a Christian church; and the howls of the wild beasts will be replaced by the solemn tones of the organ. The contrast is not greater than that between the Imperial Founder of the Coliseum, and the Royal Inaugurator of the improved architectural energy of the London of to-day, whose memory this Hall is designed feebly and imperfectly to commemorate. The legions of Vespasian destroyed the holy Temple of Jerusalem; the peaceful followers of Prince Albert reared the Palace of Industry.

The Albert Memorial Hall will not rival the Crystal Palace in the one quality of capacity. Both the original building of 1851, and the lesser glory of the second temple of commerce at Sydenham, have been known to receive in a single day as many as 70,000 persons; and certainly, to be by no means full. But the acoustic property of the building, a quality in which any mere glass and iron structure is altogether deficient, has not been neglected by the architects of our London amphitheatre. There is every reason to hope, that the result may be as eminently satisfactory as in the well-known instance of St. Paul's, which cathedral, on the occasion of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, contained from 12,000 to 15,000 persons; to all of whom the deep musical tones of the Dean were distinctly audible during the service.

We have endeavoured to present an idea of the exterior of the building to the imagination

of our readers, by speaking of it as a squat, circular tower; for the disproportion between the axes of the ellipse will hardly strike the eye, when the exterior of the building is regarded. This tower rises as a double shell; the inner walls surrounding the space covered by the arena, and the seats, or *cunei* (as they were called in Rome), and upper gallery; and the thickness between the two concentric lines, containing staircases, windows, and means of access to the interior. A gallery, which may hereafter be appropriated to the display of paintings and sculpture, is at the top of this space, and a numerous series of large and well-lighted rooms, in which it is hoped that not a few of our learned or charitable societies will hereafter nestle around the great central hall, complete the body of the building.

The arrangement of the seats is peculiar, uniting to some extent the character of those of a theatre with that of the *cunei* of an amphitheatre. Like the latter, they will rise from the podium, or edge of the arena, by concentric rings, tier above tier, giving room for the rows of seats above them. Three tiers of *loges*, or boxes, like those of a theatre, occupy the central zone. On the gallery formed by the top of the upper tier of boxes, there will be room for a fresh series of seats if required.

Into such part of the details of this imposing structure as may present a special interest to our readers, we may take an opportunity of entering when the work is nearer completion: an event looked forward to as likely to occur in the spring of 1870.

Our friends in the manufacturing districts will regret to be informed that the wrought-iron girders, which support the galleries, have been rolled, each in a single piece, in Belgium. Rigid economy has, in this instance, vanquished the patriotism of Colonel Scott. We trust the operators of Staffordshire and the rest of the "Black Country" will lay this ugly lesson to heart. A good name for a trades-union would be "The Foreign manufacturer's best friend."

We could wish, as far as we can see at present, that some more ornamental form of column rather than the very plain, though well executed, castings that will form a feature in the interior most conspicuous from frequent repetition, had been adopted. It is, of course, too late to make a change, but such a pattern as would have added greatly to picturesque effect (without pretending to be anything but iron) would have cost no more than the very plain model adopted. In the moulded *terra-cotta* that will form so much of the exterior of the building, which rises in three superposed orders to the springing of the roof, a very marked improvement in the excellence of the manufacture is to be seen, on comparing the later with the earlier specimens.

The grand structural feature of the building will be the roof. The covering of the immense area bids fair to be a novel triumph for the engineer. The *velarium* of the amphitheatre, a temporary textile screen, drooped from the side walls towards the arena, and if, in the Italian climate, rain did fall during the use of these great buildings for purposes of festival, it was thus shed off from the spectators. In the Albert Hall a wall plate of cast iron sits on the top of the interior wall, bolting and cramping the whole structure firmly together. Vast wrought-iron ribs, springing at intervals from this plate, will meet in a sort of crown, or lantern, in the centre; and this appropriate contrivance, with its sheeting of zinc, its row of circular sky lights, and the decorations of the soffit, will bear some resemblance to that most graceful of marine forms, the *testa*, or shell, of the sea-urchin; to the curious and complicated oral furniture of which, the ancients, in honour of the great philosopher and naturalist who first minutely described it, gave the name of Aristotle's lantern. We hope that the lantern reared by Colonel Scott may shed a ray into the future as long, and as bright, as that which, in the name annexed to the structure of the *echinus*, radiates from the glories of the past, at a time when the human intelligence was at its zenith, and Grecian Art breathed of that which is immortal.

THE WORKS OF E. H. WEHNERT.

AN exhibition of the sketches and drawings of the late E. H. Wehnert was opened on the 15th of March, in the gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, of which Mr. Wehnert was a member. Such commemorations serve not only as an affectionate and graceful tribute to the memory of worthy men who have passed from our midst, but they also very impressively remind us of much that we may have forgotten. They are, as they should be, the sums of laborious lives; and hence we only learn, after his decease, what an artist has done. Visitors to this exhibition may have forgotten the power and precision which this artist has shown from time to time; but they are forcibly reminded of them by the display on the walls of the Institute. The subjects which have been entertained by Mr. Wehnert are so far out of the beaten track as to distinguish him as an extensive reader. Many of his drawings point to sources which are but little consulted by painters. He has dared to produce works that very prudent men pronounced as having no chance of the odour of popularity. The last, for instance, in which Mr. Wehnert was engaged before his death, was the 'Discovery of the Corinthian Capital.' This picture, so far as it has been carried, is exhibited, and we can readily determine the amount of labour necessary to its finish. Again we have 'The providential Escape from Assassination of Henry IV., Emperor of Germany.' This was exhibited in 1846, and the interval between that date and the year of Grace last past would, it might be thought, be a term sufficiently long to school any painter into worldly wisdom; but we read on the walls of the Institute that Wehnert was awayed even at that time only by his enthusiasm for Art. We must not forget to mention that in the Henry the artist proposed to himself for solution a problem worthy of Michael Angelo. In the same feeling there is 'The Death of Jean Goujon, during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572,' 'Manasseh Ben Israel, a Jewish Merchant appealing to Cromwell in Council for Permission for the Hebrew Nation to Trade, &c.,' a sepia sketch in which we see Wickliff sick, but still declaring to an assembly of doctors, who hoped to extract from him a recantation, that he should not die, but live, again to declare the evil deeds of the friars. 'Recantation by Galileo of his Heresies before the Tribunal of the Inquisition': this subject was the last in which Mr. Wehnert was engaged, and would most probably have been a more telling work than those named above. But the mention of these works is enough to show that Mr. Wehnert was really an historical painter, and, like Hilton, never changed his pure and honourable aspirations; and, further like Hilton, was not felicitous in the choice of subjects likely to be popular.

The number of works exhibited was 150, throughout which there is little or nothing of the domestic element. Others of the larger drawings, which would attract public attention, are:—'Caxton examining the First Proof from his Printing Press, in Westminster Abbey,' 'Don Quixote cleaning his Armour,' 'Sir Thomas Gresham's Gift of the Royal Exchange to the City of London,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'George Fox preaching in a Tavern at Leicester,' 'Sir John Falstaff at Ford's House,' 'Sketch for Lord Nigel's Introduction to Alastia,' &c. The end of the room is all but filled by a cartoon, of which the subject is 'Justice—an allegory.' This was exhibited in Westminster Hall in 1846, and shows throughout a capability for great works. We must not omit to mention 'The Dinner at Page's House,' 'Cromwell and Mrs. Claypole,' 'Philippe Lippi,' 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' 'The Singers,' from Longfellow, 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' 'The Wonderful Dance,' &c., all of which proclaim the artist's predilection for history and poetry. Many of the sketches and studies show great power. Art lost in this painter one of no ordinary genius.

THE LIBER STUDIORUM.

THE Print-room of the British Museum has just made a most interesting acquisition in Mr. John Pye's series of Turner's "Liber Studiorum." The number of the plates is seventy-one, and the alterations that have been made in them appear in the different states. The collection and perfection of this series have engaged Mr. Pye's attention during fifty years, and the sum paid for it by the authorities of the Museum was £500. The publication of the "Liber Studiorum" commenced in the early part of the present century, and extended over a period of fifteen years. Half a century seems a protracted term of inquiry and vigilance, exerted to secure a perfect set of plates, published comparatively recently. The difficulty of obtaining entire and perfect sets arose from the manner in which they were dealt with to subscribers and purchasers. Some of the prints are dated "Harley Street, 1811"—but the place of their issue was, we believe, somewhere near St. Martin's Lane; and Turner generally commissioned his housekeeper to make up the sets; she selected them at random, mingling the good with the bad, so that subscribers on purchasing, who were willing to pay for the best impressions, had no chance, under such management, of obtaining what they desired. The authorities of the Museum have the reputation of paying princely prices, but in this the cost of the collection is by no means extravagant. This will be understood when it is known that one complete and perfect set of the "Liber Studiorum" was valued at £5,000, and another sold, it is said, for £2,500. Mr. Pye offered the prints to the Royal Academy for £500, but they were declined, as the expenses attending the re-establishment of the body in its new building would be very great. When, however, the work was offered to the authorities of the Museum, it was added to the treasures of the print-room, where it will acquire value daily, until the estimate rises to something fabulous, from the circumstance of its having been collected by an engraver who, from personal intercourse and association, knew Turner better than any man of his time.

The very limited number of prints that could be taken off the plates without marked deterioration was so small that Turner had recourse to different devices to give a presumed value to plates which, by some, are held to be inferior to the first states, although by others the changes are held to be improvements. The first states of certain plates are distinguished by open letters, as, for instance, *ar* or *a*, while other states are marked with solid letters. In other plates the open letters extend beyond the first states to others, as is shown by the differences between the prints. But whatever changes we find between the first and second, and second and third, or subsequent states, they were all effected by Turner's own hand; and instances occur in which the composition of a third state is really superior to that of the first. On the *ex-uno* principle, it is enough briefly to describe one plate, for the treatment of all has been the same. Let us take the 'Baile.' In the first state of this plate the sky and clouds are luminous, but afterwards they become heavy and murky. In order to compensate the defect, lights have been introduced in the lower part of the view. It is most interesting to compare the three states of such prints, as 'Mount St. Gothard,' 'Jason,' 'Ships in Rough Weather,' and others of the most remarkable of these works. The tint of the first states is usually called *sepia*; that of the second states, *bistre*; and the third is a compound with more of yellow in it. Mr. Lahee, once an eminent copper-plate printer, claims to be the inventor of these tints, and is proud of his co-operation in the production of a work which will rank among the memorable examples of Turner's genius. The other impressions of the "Liber Studiorum" in the print-room are greatly inferior to the Pye collection, which may be characterized as the most valuable in existence, from the care and vigilance which Mr. Pye has exerted in its improvement and completion during half a century.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—As usual, works of Art will be received in the new gallery, Burlington House, on Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th of April; works in sculpture on the 7th; and the exhibition will be opened on the 3rd of May—the first Monday of the merry month. It is hoped and expected there will be comparatively few sad hearts that day—at all events, that no productions of true merit will be rejected for "want of room;" for the space will be very greatly enlarged in the new building. Several important changes will be made in the mode of "hanging," and the hangers will have a less onerous and difficult task than heretofore. It would be an easy matter to announce the titles and give brief descriptions of the pictures to be contributed by leading artists; but to forestall such intelligence is, we think, unwise. It is certain, however, that nearly every prominent painter of the country will contribute—and his best. A really great and grand exhibition may therefore be anticipated without dread of disappointment.

A PHOTOGRAPH has been issued by Mr. R. ATHERTON, of Manchester, representing the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford and assistant priests performing high mass. It is from a painting by Mr. Charles Mercier, the result of a subscription among the Roman Catholics of the district. The picture possesses great merit, and the photograph is a work of considerable skill—an excellent specimen of the art.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—We learn from the annual report of the directors of the National Gallery that four pictures were bought during last year, each being of a representative character. The first belongs to the Dutch school, and portrays 'The Exhumation of St. Hubert, Bishop of Liège.' The artist is Dierick Bouts, and the picture is painted in oil on wood. It was purchased from Lady Eastlake in March last for the sum of £1,500. The second is of the Venetian school, and represents 'The Madonna and Child, enthroned, and surrounded by Saints.' It was painted by Carlo Crivelli, and was bought in Paris in May, of Mr. G. H. Phillips, for the sum of £3,360. The third is by the father of Lord Lyndhurst, John Singleton Copley, the subject being 'The Siege and Relief of Gibraltar.' It was purchased in July from Mr. William Grist for the sum of £400. The fourth is of the Tuscan school, and is ascribed to Michael Angelo Buonarroti. It represents 'The Entombment of Our Lord,' and is an unfinished picture, partially, if not altogether, painted in tempera on wood. This was bought of Mr. Macpherson for £2,000. The bequests include portraits of Mr. W. Siddons, by John Opie, and Mrs. Sarah Siddons, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, bequeathed by Mrs. Cecilia Combe, Mrs. Siddons' daughter, and hung in the gallery at South Kensington; portraits of 'Mr. James Baillie, of Ealing, his Wife and four Children,' by T. Gainsborough, bequeathed by Mr. A. Baillie, of Naples; and ten water-colour drawings, and two oil paintings, by various artists, left to the nation by the late Mr. Charles Fraser. The donations are also four in number. These comprise 'The Raising of Lazarus,' by B. R. Haydon, presented by Mr. R. E. Loft; 'A Nun,' by H. W. Pickersgill, given by the artist; 'A Woodman,' by T. Barker of Bath, also presented by Mr. Loft; and a bust, in marble, of Thomas Stothard, R.A., by Henry Weekes, R.A., presented to the

institution by an association of gentlemen. The number of students in oil-painting entered during the year was 467, of whom there was a daily average attendance at Trafalgar Square of 35, and at South Kensington of 34; the water-colour students numbered 189, and their average attendance was—at Trafalgar Square 30, and at South Kensington 28. One hundred and nine copies were taken of 44 pictures by 31 foreign masters, and 147 copies of 67 pictures by 27 masters of the British School.

HOLMAN HUNT has been elected a member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and was not called upon to "wait" for a vacancy. The society felt they were honouring themselves as well as the accomplished artist, and acquiring additional power by the valuable acquisition obtained. It would be well and wise if the Royal Academy would follow so good an example; it would have been well and wise also, if they had anticipated the act of the society, and long ago joined Holman Hunt to their body; for there can be no question as to his right to any distinction that can be conferred upon him by public guardians of Art.

MR. LEIGHTON, R.A., intends, it is said, to bequeath to the Royal Academy, for the use of students, a large collection of studies made by him during his travels in the East, Greece, Spain, and the islands of the Mediterranean. Long may it be before students are his heirs! He is, we believe, the youngest member of the Academy, has not yet reached "the prime of life," and few of the present generation of artists can expect to profit by his promised gifts.

TOILET FLOWER-VASES.—The season of flowers is at hand, and Art-manufacturers have prepared various novelties for their reception in town and city houses. Our attention has been directed to several issues of the Works at Worcester—the Royal Porcelain Works, the Art-director of which, Mr. R. W. BIRN, has certainly effected more improvements in British porcelain than any other artist of his time. These elegant and graceful vases are of very varied forms. The hand holding a cup has been some time known; it has been subjected to changes. A dove bearing a vase is exceedingly attractive, and is sure to be popular. The three in one occurs in several forms, being in use chiefly for vases; another is a group, a smaller vase "overlooked" by two large and taper holders, for a bunch and single flowers; another consists of seven stems, each of which is destined to hold a rose; in another eagle's claws bear up the vase; another represents a horn supported by goat's feet, a bird at the point; another is a sort of plate, of refined character, on a tripod, the indentation in the centre containing the water for the flowers. We have named a few of the ingenious "novelties" that court acceptance at the coming season; they meet all tastes, and have, each, some special recommendation. The firm at Worcester has obviously made great efforts to obtain pre-eminence in this particular class of Art-produce; though comparative trifles, they are home essentials. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that they should be good in design and execution: and they are so.

MR. W. DAY KEYWORTH, Jun. (a young sculptor of whose statue of Andrew Marvell we some time ago wrote in terms of high praise), has been commissioned to execute a companion statue for the Town-Hall of Hull: a gift to the corporation by Thomas Jameson, Esq., the present Sheriff of the ancient burgh. It is a statue in marble of

Sir William de la Pole, the first Mayor of Hull (temp. Ed. III.). The sculptor has no authority for a likeness; in that respect he is left to his own fancy; and he has used it to picture a grand head, and a stately form, clad in carefully studied costume of the period. The model gives assurance of an admirable work—one that will do credit to the venerable town of which Mr. Keyworth is a native. It is pleasant to know that sometimes a prophet is honoured in his own country; but, in truth, it would be hard to find among British artists, one who could produce a work of greater excellence—if we may judge from the production in its present state, aided by the undoubted ability displayed by the sculptor in his portrait-statue of Andrew Marvell.

BUST OF TITUS SALT.—A bust of this estimable gentleman and true philanthropist has been executed, in marble, by Mr. W. Day Keyworth. It does justice to that remarkable man: the broad brow of a massive head and features full of energy and intelligence. It is just such a portrait as we might have looked for of one who created Saltire. The name has gone over the world, and is honoured everywhere; it will be especially so by those who have seen his marvellous assemblage of "Works"—schools, cottage-homes, mansion-dwellings, baths, a church,—filled with all possible conveniences, comforts, nay, luxuries, for the many hundred men, women, and children, employed at the "mills" near Bradford. The employer is here the benefactor. The bust is to be presented, by public subscription, to the Port of Hull Sailors' Orphan Home—a benevolent institution to which Mr. Titus Salt gave a sum of £5,000, in order to add an additional wing to the building.

AN ADMIRABLE PAINTING BY SCHAEFFELS may be seen at Myers', 171, New Bond Street. It is a production of some size, and perhaps the best work of the eminent and accomplished artist. The subject is peculiarly interesting to England; for the Belgian painter has taken it from a leading point in English history. The story is this: Queen Elizabeth having accepted a fête from Sir Francis Drake on board his ship, the *Pelican*, on his return from a successful voyage, knighted him on his own quarter-deck. That event, so worthy of art, the artist has commemorated: he has done so very happily, not only as regards excess of finish,—all the parts being made out with elaborate care,—but he has well understood his theme and the characters of the persons depicted. The Queen in haughty yet gracious dignity, the admirable grouping, the study of likenesses in the great men about, the accuracy of the costumes, and the harmony that pervades the whole, are so many points that demand laudation in this remarkable and meritorious work.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The fifty-fourth annual report of this excellent institution is in our hands. The income of the last year amounted to £1,651, 8s. 8d., of which about £750 was subscribed at the last annual dinner, when the present Solicitor-General presided. Eighty-one applicants were relieved during 1865 with the sum of £1,432; sixty-nine at the quarterly meetings with £1,077; and twelve urgent cases with £355. The highest sum given to an applicant was £60, the lowest £20. The report alludes in appropriate terms to the loss the society has sustained in the death of Mr. H. W. Phillips, its late honorary secretary.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—Mr. Wyke Bayliss has delivered a lecture on "Dante and the re-

cent translation (by Longfellow) of the *Divine Comedy*." Mr. Bayliss is a member of the Society of British Artists, and he handled the subject as no one but an educated and enthusiastic lover of Art could have done. The lecture was of the highest order, and the many beauties of the *Divine Comedy* and of Longfellow's admirable translation received most able treatment, to the great delight of a large and intellectual audience. An interesting discussion followed, and was well sustained by Mr. Hurlstone, Dr. Hindeman, and others; Mr. Bayliss vindicating Longfellow's translation for its integrity of rendering, similitude of style, and unconstrained beauty of language.

THE MEYRICK ARMOUR.—For the admirable arrangement of this collection at South Kensington the public are indebted to Mr. J. R. Planché, *Somerset Herald*, whose intimate acquaintance with such subjects eminently qualified him for the task he has here so ably discharged.

PHOTOTYPE.—We have seen, at 65, Hatton Garden, examples of a process to which the name of phototype is given, and by means of which it is proposed to supply cuts and plates for book illustration. It is based, as its name implies, on photography, the commencement of the process being a photographic plate either from a print or drawing. From this photograph, after the employment of certain intermediate means, a raised printing-surface is obtained by the agency of the electrolyte. The examples shown us were reproductions of copper-plate engravings, woodcuts, and line drawings. The process is worked by a company, called the Phototype Company, who also produce photo-lithographic plates.

THE LEIGH HUNT MONUMENT.—A sum fully sufficient for the required purpose has been collected; it amounts to £200; it might have been made larger. Many magnates in literature and Art are subscribers; but perhaps the most interesting fact connected with the appeal which Mr. S. C. Hall made for aid, was a letter received by him from Mr. Childs, the proprietor of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, who, understanding that £80 was required to complete the proposed monument, offered to contribute the entire sum. The offer was thankfully declined as unnecessary. The honorary secretary, R. Townshend Mayer, Esq., has for the present deposited the moneys collected in the hands of the bankers, Messrs. Ransome; and the sculptor, Joseph Durham, will perfect and place the work soon after his return from Rome. According to promise, we shall give an engraving of the monument in the *Art-Journal*. We protest against attempts that have been made to give to this movement a political character; among the subscribers are persons of all degrees in politics; Leigh Hunt was no doubt an advanced liberal—very advanced for his time; but Mr. Hall, with whom the project originated, and Mr. Mayer who, by his energy, completed the subscription list, are conservatives: their intention was, and is, to erect a monument to the memory of Leigh Hunt as Poet, Critic, and Essayist, and in no way to recognise his "claims" as a politician.

"THE PRISON PHILANTHROPIST."—One of the humblest and yet one of the greatest names on the list of heroes of the nineteenth century is that of Thomas Wright of Manchester, who for many years dedicated his life to ameliorate the condition, spiritual and temporal, of unhappy inmates of prisons. A portrait has been painted—or rather, a portrait as part of a group—of this venerable man, whose career of useful-

ness on earth may be drawing to a close; for his years approach fourscore and ten. It is to be presented to Manchester, the principal scene of his labours; while a replica will be given to Salford, and another to London—to institutions, we presume, in those places. The artist selected for this interesting task was Mr. Charles Mercier; there could not have been a better choice. He has done his work thoroughly well: made, according to all accounts, a striking likeness, and, certainly, a fine picture. The scene is "a condemned cell;" the comforter rests his hand on the shoulder of the condemned; an open Bible is in the other hand. The picture is admirably painted, and will add to the already high repute of the artist.

MR. J. A. HOUSTON, R.S.A.—We have been requested to correct an error which appeared last month in our biographical sketch of this painter, whose name is Adam, not Alexander, as there stated.

THE WEDGWOOD MEMORIAL INSTITUTE, BURSLEM.—The opening of this admirable institution being fixed for Easter, the committee have determined upon marking the occasion in a suitable manner by the holding of an Art-exhibition in connection with it. The opening ceremony will be under the presidency of Earl Granville. The exhibition is intended to embrace paintings and water-colour drawings; engravings, photographs, and miniatures; sculpture, terra-cotta, and mosaics; carvings, and decorative metal-work; British pottery, especially such examples as will illustrate the progress of the Art from the Celtic period to the time of Josiah Wedgwood; and modern Art-manufactures, particularly such as are the work of students in the local Schools of Art. The Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education will assist liberally by loans; and assurances of support have been received from the Premier, and from influential collectors throughout the Kingdom; there is, consequently, every prospect of the Burslem Exhibition being one of the most successful yet held. If all who honour the great potter, Josiah Wedgwood, or love the art he so successfully practised, will lend their aid on this interesting occasion, Staffordshire will indeed have occasion to be proud of the work she has commenced, and ample funds will, no doubt, be at once raised for rendering to Wedgwood the debt and homage of gratitude to which he is so eminently entitled. All information concerning the exhibition, &c., may be obtained from the honorary secretary, William Woodall, Esq., Town Hall, Burslem.

THE "TE DEUM," an emblematic design, by Mr. Edward Chesterton, has been printed in gold and colours by Vincent Brooks. The artist intends his work as "an embodiment of the words of the venerable Christian hymn of S. Ambrose:" accordingly, the scene is composed of angels and arch-angels, of cherubim and seraphim, the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, and the noble army of martyrs; while earth-worthies, at the foot of the throne, illustrate the passage, "The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee." The production has great merit: it is a happy thought well worked out. The groups are skilfully arranged; the "story," so to speak, is made to tell forcibly; the sentiment conveyed is holy; and the drawing is sound and good. The character of the print is mediæval, of course: it is subdued in tone and yet rich in colour; and in the composition there is much harmony—no part of it forces itself too prominently forward.

REVIEWS.

Q. HORATHI FLACCI OPERA. Illustrated from Antique Gems. By C. W. KING, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Text revised, with an Introduction, by H. A. J. MUNRO, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Published by BELL AND DALDY.

THE classic scholar and the lover of glyptic art will equally welcome this beautiful edition of the writings of Horace, perhaps the most generally popular of all the Roman poets whose works have come down to us; while it may also be said that none have undergone so much criticism, especially on the point of genuineness. Mr. Munro, in his introduction, enters somewhat minutely into this subject, and does not hesitate to remark that "with one memorable exception"—the first eight lines prefixed in a few manuscripts to the tenth poem in the first book of the Satires, commencing with "Lucili quam sis mendosus"—"I do not believe in the spuriousness of any existing poem of Horace, or of any portion of any one of them. There is not a tittle of outward evidence for such a supposition, either in any manuscript or in any scholiast or grammarian. Horace, for a man of his powers, I look upon as a very unequal writer, and many of his poems I do not rate very highly. But his style throughout is his own, borrowed from none who preceded him, successfully imitated by none who came after him." It has become the fashion of late years among critics and commentators, especially those of Germany, to throw doubts upon the writings of the ancients, whether on secular or religious subjects; and were these sceptics allowed to influence the mind and the judgment of the public—as, unhappily, they too often do—there is scarcely a book prior to our own era in which, as to authorship and expression, any implicit faith may be placed. To shake one's belief, and to negative traditional and long-established theories, seems to be the main business of too many modern writers.

Such disputations, and even the text of the book before us, do not properly come within our province; and we gladly pass on to that which does, namely, Mr. King's illustrations of the poems from antique gems—not a novel idea, as he observes, for it has been undertaken and carried out to some extent by others: notably in an edition by Pine, published in the earlier part of the last century, and which has long passed into the category of rare and expensive bibliographical curiosities. Pine's work, however, is not limited to engraved gems; it includes medals, and also fancy designs; so far, it is a somewhat incongruous medley. Mr. King, on the other hand, strictly confines his illustrations to gems and intaglios, on which are represented the "gods and heroes of Greece and Italy, imaged forth in every successive style, from the solemn grotesqueness of Pelasgic and Etruscan Art (whence much has here been drawn, it being a rich mine as yet almost unexplored for such a purpose), through the pure and perfect forms of Hellenic schools down to the flowing and languid elegance of the commencing Decline." In collecting his materials the author has consulted the most famous cabinets, public and private, both here and on the Continent, and he has undoubtedly got together a large variety of most beautiful subjects, a vast proportion of which would serve as studies for the designer and sculptor. The illustrations form head and tail pieces to each of the poems, and are discriminately selected, so far as it was found possible, because they have a more or less allusion to the text. A copious "description," at the end of the volume, explains each subject, tells where the original exists, and what is the particular gem or stone on which the engraving appears.

Mr. King's studies in this direction, as exemplified in preceding books from his pen—"Antique Gems," "The Gnostics and their Remains"—eminently qualify him for the task he has here undertaken.

MATERIALS FOR A HISTORY OF OIL-PAINTING. By Sir C. L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A. Vol. II. Published by LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co.

More than twenty years have elapsed since the first volume of this work made its appearance, and though the death of the author did not occur till 1866, his numerous avocations would not allow him to complete what he had so well begun. Such of the chapters as Sir Charles had prepared for the continuation of his book, Lady Eastlake has undertaken to edit and publish.

The long interval of time between the publication of the two volumes is unfortunate; for the first volume, undertaken with the purpose of promoting the object of the Royal Commission on the Fine Arts, has now become almost useless, and is probably well-nigh forgotten, except as an occasional work of reference for those who chance to possess it. Moreover, so much has since been written by others on the subjects which occupy the second volume, that the ground is, to a certain extent, pre-occupied. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Painting in Italy," the value of which Lady Eastlake acknowledges, takes up a very foremost position in these subsequent publications. It was only right, however, that what the late President of the Royal Academy had left on record should be given to the public: his opinions upon certain qualities and characteristics of the works of the old painters are too valuable to be lost, and Lady Eastlake is perfectly justified in not keeping them back.

This second volume commences with the history of oil-painting as exemplified in the works of Cimabue and his followers in the hospital of S. Maria Nuova, in Florence, a building in which the ancient Florentine Academy of Painters, dating from the time of Giotto, held its first sittings. Passing on, in the way of recapitulation, to the characteristics of the early Flemish School as discussed in the preceding volume, *tempera* pictures, with their various *media*, and methods of painting, come next under notice; and then the works of the principal Italian masters, from Lorenzo di Credi down to Correggio, afforded Sir Charles ample materials for elucidating his subject. The sixth and last chapter is devoted to the practice of the Venetian painters. In the whole of these chapters—which do not profess to exhaust the subject by any means; for the work of the author, as originally sketched out, is still left incomplete—the Art-student of the present day will find information of no small value to him. Yet more so, even, will he derive instruction from the many fragmentary, or brief, essays, on all topics that come within the province of the painter with which the volume concludes: these are most valuable.

THE FIGHT OF FAITH: A Story. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. 2 vols. Published by CHAPMAN AND HALL.

It will be sufficiently obvious to the majority of our readers that we can do little else beyond announcing the appearance of this work, from the pen of one whose writings have long been before the public.

The moral of the story is in some measure explained by the following passage in the prefatory dedication. The author says—"The first volume was written several years ago; long before plans were promulgated for restoring to England the principles and practice of the Church of Rome. I have not produced this book 'for the occasion.' But it will be cause for thankfulness and happiness if I can, in any degree, arrest the progress of those who are seeking to negative the blessings brought to these Kingdoms by the Reformation, and by that Protestant ascendancy to which we owe so much of our Liberty and so many of our Rights."

The scene of the tale opens at Havre, towards the end of the seventeenth century, when Louis XV. had revoked the Edict of Nantes, and the persecution of the Huguenots had recommenced. Among those at Havre upon whom the storm fell were a young married couple, whose only child was stealthily carried away by friends, to

escape being placed in a convent. The vessel is wrecked on the English coast, but the child is saved by an old naval captain living in the Isle of Wight, to which locality the narrative is changed. A young Jesuit, related to Pauline—the name of the child, and the heroine of the story—is admitted into the family of the captain, who knows nothing of his religious opinions or of the relationship; he is there simply as her tutor, to instruct her in the English language. As Pauline grows up, the young man falls in love with her, and failing in his attempt to carry her off to France, denounces the inmates of the house to the authorities, who arrest and imprison them as enemies of James II.

The scene is thenceforward transferred to Ireland, where Schomberg, in command of the troops of William III., is engaged in the "fight of faith." Most of those with whom the reader has hitherto made acquaintance are found there, and in the neighbourhood of Carrickfergus Pauline ultimately discovers her long-lost father. The events preceding the Battle of the Boyne, such as the siege of Derry, occupy a large portion of the second volume; and the story ends with an account of the great contest which drove James into his last exile, and seated William on the throne.

Such is a mere outline of the story of the "Fight of Faith," whose thorough Protestantism will, in all probability, prove distasteful to some; but to others—and it is to be believed these are by far the larger majority of our countrymen and countrywomen—this will not be its lowest recommendation.

DRAWING-BOOKS. By N. E. GREEN. Published by G. ROWNEY & Co.

We have before us four sets of drawing-books, each series containing six parts, or numbers. The first is entitled "Sepia Drawing-Lessons," progressive examples of the use of the brush with a single colour; each number contains one subject in three stages. The second, "Practical Lessons in Water-colour Painting," shows in each number a subject coloured in four stages. The third series is in two divisions of six books each, and has for its title "System of Instruction in Landscape-Drawing;" the examples in these are progressive studies with the pencil, or chalk. The fourth, and last, series, intended for advanced pupils, bears the same title as the second, and is, in fact, a continuation of it, only the subjects are more difficult of representation. Each series has ample yet simple instructions to guide the copyist; and so far as book-teaching alone can educate the young artist, all may be accepted as safe and useful guides. Mr. Green's pencil and brush are free; while his manner of developing the process of a water-colour drawing commends itself to the student by the comparatively facile method he adopts: there is enough to stimulate, without overtaxing, the imitative faculties of the learner.

ELFRIDA. By ROBERT B. HOLT. Published by LONGMAN & Co.

Some time ago, we had the pleasure to notice a poem, "Kynwith," by this author. The encouraging reviews he received have stimulated him to another effort; and certainly there is no falling off in vigour, delicacy, and high poetic feeling: in all the essentials of pure and good poetry, there is advance instead of retrogression. The poem is of some length; but the metre is occasionally varied. The story is one of deep interest full of pathos, with frequent descriptive "bits" that are highly effective, and prevent the peril of monotony. It is now clear that Mr. Holt may claim a prominent place among the better writers of our time, and anticipate the laurels that will reward him.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SCIENTIFIC CHEMISTRY. By F. S. BARRT, M.A. Published by GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS.

This will be found a useful little work for students: it is written especially to meet their requirements, though it is something more than an elementary treatise.

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To Mr. Thomas Keating.

Yours truly,

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HUGHESWOLD LODGE, TENNESSEE WELLS, November 20th, 1887.

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To Mr. KEATING.

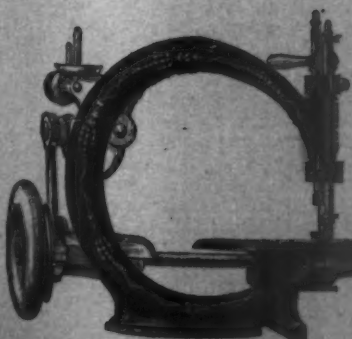
I remain yours truly,
JAMES McNEAL.

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